ENGLISH REVIEW EXERCISES

MARION RYAN

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*
the nonrestrictive clause
set off by a comma.

Two parts of a compound
sentence is seperated
by a comma when a
true conjunction is used.

In a complex sentence when the subordinate clause comes before the main clause the subordinate clause is separated from the rest of the sentence by a comma.

The restrive & nonrestrictive.

A complex sentence containing a restrictive clause should not have the restrictive clause set off by commas.

A complex sentence containing a nonrestrictive clause should have

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ENGLISH REVIEW EXERCISES

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

ENGLISH REVIEW GRAMMAR

By Walter Kay Smart
Northwestern University

A REVIEW GRAMMAR
FOR MATURE STUDENTS

ENGLISH REVIEW EXERCISES

By MARION RYAN
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PREFACE

Construction rather than destruction, synthesis rather than analysis is the purpose of this book. The author has no quarrel with the analytical method,—if it does not hold the field alone. In fact, the exercises in sentence structure and grammar, and those planned for dictation, have during four years been used as a practical supplement to a grammar containing copious exercises for correction of other people's errors. But there is often a lamentable divorce between precept and practice in the work of the student who can readily diagnose the ills of a faulty sentence on the printed page, and yet cannot discover even the most glaring errors in his own writing. This fundamental difficulty the exercises in this book are meant to correct.

The object of the constructive exercises in grammar and sentence structure is (1) to give the student practice in using, in sentences of his own manufacture, the grammatical principles which he is learning; (2) to give him suggestions for sentences, material on which to start, in order not to waste time finding a topic; and (3) to broaden his own powers of phrasing ideas, to limber up his technique. Several means have been used toward this end. There is almost always a variety of exercises for each principle involved, and a considerable number of suggestions for sentences, from which the teacher may choose the kind and amount best fitted to the needs of the class or of the individual student. There is variety

of topic within the exercise: if one suggestion does not at once inspire the student with an idea for a sentence, another may; and one sentence quickly and successfully worked out, the next will be undertaken with more heart. Variety of phrasing, wherever it is possible, leads the student to break the dull monotony of sentences built alike. Without being conscious of any effort to phrase his ideas in a new way, he writes, because he is given an initial impulse—a helpful push—a sentence which is more flexible, more interestingly and emphatically worded than any he has written before. His style becomes more limber, his vocabulary of phrases grows,—while he is working at the main business of learning to use parts of speech and to recognize them and their usefulness in his own writing.

The importance of concentrating attention on the problem for which the exercise has been devised will be constantly before the teacher if the work is to be best accomplished: the student should be held strictly responsible for intelligent use of the form being studied; the issue will only be confused if too many fine points—or even too many egregious faults—are called to the student's attention at one time. Experience has shown that the student who is working at a sentence, trying to make sure that he has used correctly a required form, may sometimes overlook errors which he would ordinarily see; but that in a little while, having learned to look at his sentences phrase by phrase, and word by word, he will begin to see his own faults readily, and to use intelligently his teacher's carefully limited suggestions about usages not dealt with in the lesson. If he learns to keep *and use* a notebook in which he tabulates his incidental errors, he will seldom repeat them.

The rest of the material in this book supplements and

rounds out the work of the constructive exercises. Most of it, like the exercises, has been used in the classroom and has proved its worth, particularly in a sub-freshman course. The dictation and copying exercises in Section II are of two sorts. A group of brief exercises giving special attention to irregular verbs, words often misspelled, abbreviations and contractions, and the right use of words often misused, makes up the first part. The second division contains a group of longer exercises to be used entire or in part, as seems advisable, each presenting several problems similar to those taken up in the shorter exercises. Varied style and subject matter have been used as far as is compatible with the main purpose of the exercises. The index is arranged to give teacher and student ready and complete access to exercises or parts of exercises which meet particular needs. The group of narrative and expository sketches in Section III supplies the student with examples of what can be done with everyday topics; these sketches are written in a style not too formal to seem beyond the student's own reach; they are devised to illustrate incidentally various points which he needs to know, and which his grammar might not tell him,—such as correct use in punctuation and paragraphing of conversation, indention of quotations, and form and contents of footnotes. The teacher may find this section useful as subject matter for impromptu themes, and for illustrations of technique of paragraphing and the whole composition,—with which this book is not primarily concerned.

Section IV contains a very simple explanation of sentence structure, with working definitions of the most used parts of speech; and Section V, an outline of the uses of punctuation marks in their direct relation to sentence structure, with illustrations. Section IV has been

made a narrative in order to bind together as a unit the whole discussion of sentence structure: the three types of sentence are shown as directly connected with a concrete problem of adequately expressing one's ideas. Section V presents the question of punctuation in its practical relation to sentence structure. There are no rules, and the basic principles have been reduced to the fewest possible number. Preceding the main outline is a statement of the uses of various marks of punctuation as indicating coördination and subordination; and an analysis of the principles on which the outline is based. The outline itself is arranged to present in large capitals the main principles on which the teacher will first wish to work. Contrary to prevailing notions, based doubtless on the use of arbitrary and unintelligent use of numerous rules for punctuation, the main issue is not confused for the student if he is taught some of the finer matters of the art of punctuation.[1] Experience shows that the student whose preparation and aptitude for English is even less than mediocre, may learn to use semicolons, and even colons and dashes, with real intelligence and power, and —strange as it may seem—with something approaching creative joy, if he can see how his sentence is formed,

[1] It is interesting to notice that George Eliot, writing in 1871, and Willa Cather, writing in 1925, both interested in the lives of everyday people, punctuate with equal clearness and precision,—use their commas, semicolons, and periods for almost exactly the same purposes, although George Eliot lived before the day of extended handbooks of punctuation. It is quite as interesting to notice that when a modern writer throws all the everyday principles of sentence structure and punctuation to the four winds, and uses his commas and periods according to some peculiar rhetorical fancy of his own—which we may like or dislike, according as it seems forced or natural, well or ill used—he is doing nothing new: Carlyle did the same thing.

can look at it, not blindly but intelligently. Knowing what are the relative values of various marks of punctuation, he is able to judge with some degree of expertness what mark of punctuation will best show the relation and importance of his ideas. The surest cure for "baby" sentences and comma and period faults is the practical understanding of sentence structure and punctuation,—which even the student of very mediocre abilities may attain if he is made to see the utility of what he is doing.

The trouble with the poor student is not always that he is dull; or that, like a fond parent or a young poet, he believes his mental offspring to be incapable of error; or even that he rebels against the stupidity of studying what he supposes himself already to know about something which he considers essentially useless. The disparity between the student's knowledge of rules and his practical application of them to his own needs may arise partly out of his inability to dissociate what he intends from what he actually puts on paper,—a kind of mental blindness known spasmodically to the clearest-headed of us, and likely to be dispelled by practice in viewing one's labors impersonally, under the guise of an exercise. The difficulty may also be due in part to his inability to realize that what he is studying has any use in real life except to obtain a grade or a promotion. For this reason, the author has tried to make all illustrations varied, interesting, and not beyond the imagination and intellectual advancement of the student himself. Failure, also, is often due to the fact—too seldom recognized—that the student's handwriting is an insurmountable barrier to the discovery of his own errors, even when he has been taught to read in a sufficiently thorough-going fashion to permit him, if he tries, to discover errors on the printed

page. Experiment with students whose themes, like the one quoted on page 4, have seemed horrifyingly illiterate, to say nothing of being illogical, has shown that an illegible handwriting, or even one cramped and closely-written, is sometimes the only barrier to good work in English.

The person interested in humanity, and particularly in the question of what makes people dull, or makes them seem dull, can find nothing more illuminating and stimulating than the effort to find out how to help a student whose English is weak. This book contains a few of the devices which have proved helpful to the writer (and to other instructors also, who have used the material) in bringing students to an intelligent understanding and use of their own language. The author sends out this small book of miscellanies with the earnest hope that the exercises and other devices contained in it may be useful to many other teachers engaged in the exciting pursuit of that sometimes most elusive animal,—the freshman's thought.

The extracts from Volume I of Walter de la Mare's *Collected Poems* (1920), quoted in one of the essays in Section III, are here printed by the generous permission of Henry Holt and Company. The Condé Nast Publications have kindly given permission for the use of lines quoted from one of Carl Sandburg's poems, as it appeared in *Vanity Fair*.

CONTENTS

SECTION I: CONSTRUCTIVE EXERCISES

CHAPTER PAGE

PRELIMINARIES 1

I. SUBJECTS AND PREDICATES

A. Sentences to be written; subjects and predicates to be identified 10

B. Sentences to be written; various kinds of nouns to be used 11

II. SUBJECTS AND OBJECTS

A. Subject substantives other than nouns to be used 12

B. Substantives in other parts of the sentence than the subject 13

III. ADJECTIVAL AND ADVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS

A. Certain adjectival and adverbial expressions to be used 13

B. Sentences containing adjectives and adverbs to be written; modifiers to be identified 14

C. Prepositional phrases, adjectival and adverbial, to be added to sentences . . . 14

IV. CLAUSES: ADJECTIVAL, ADVERBIAL, SUBSTANTIVE (NOUN)

A. Sentences with adjectival clauses to be constructed 15

B. Sentences with adverbial clauses to be constructed 16

CHAPTER PAGE

C. Sentences with substantive clauses to be constructed 17

V. Clauses to be Reduced to Phrases or Single Words 17

VI. Combination and Subordination of Independent Predications
A. Groups of short sentences to be rewritten 19
B. *The Pea Industry:* a theme to be rewritten 20

VII. Co-ordinate Expressions; Co-ordinate Predications
A. Co-ordinate words and groups of words . 22
B. Co-ordinate statements 23

VIII. Phrases and Clauses: Absolute Expressions
A. Completion of sentences beginning with phrase or clause 24
B. Completion of sentences beginning with participial phrase or nominative absolute 24

IX. Review of Phrase and Clause; Construction of Compound and Complex Sentences
A. Sentences with adjectival and adverbial phrases and clauses to be constructed . 26
B. Compound sentences to be constructed . 26

X. Person and Number of Substantives
A. Writing a paragraph containing certain substantives, number and person indicated 28
B. Completion of sentences with substantive in a given number and person . . . 29

XI. Verbs: Person, Number, Tense; Progressive and Emphatic Forms. Kinds of Sentences
A. Irregular verbs used in simple, compound, and complex sentences 29

CHAPTER PAGE

B. Progressive and emphatic forms to be used in sentences 30

XII. Verbs: Tense, Voice; Transitive, Intransitive, and Copulative

A. Tense and voice: sentences to be completed 31
B. Irregular verbs: voice and tense. Sentences to be completed 32
C. Transitive, intransitive, and copulative verbs to be used in completing sentences 32

XIII. Case: Objects, Predicate Substantives, Possessives

A. Substantive used as object or as predicate substantive 33
B. Substantives, modified by relative clauses, added to sentences 33
C. Case of substantives to be indicated in sentences written 34

XIV. Agreement: Subject and Predicate; Relative Pronoun and Its Antecedent

A. Verb agreeing with subject, not with intervening substantive 35
B. *There is, there are;* subject containing alternatives, or modified by prepositional phrase 36
C. Relative pronoun and antecedent . . . 36
D. *Each, every, a person,* etc. 37

XV. General Review of Grammar and Sentence Structure

A. Simple, Compound, and Complex Sentences to be written with verbs in specified number, tense, voice 38
B. Sentences containing various grammatical constructions to be written 39

SECTION II: READING, DICTATION, AND COPYING EXERCISES

PAGE

SHORT DICTATION EXERCISES: SPELLING; IRREGULAR VERBS; WORDS OFTEN CONFUSED 43

SENTENCES ILLUSTRATING THE RIGHT USE OF WORDS OFTEN MISUSED 52

SKETCHES EMPHASIZING CERTAIN MATTERS OF SPELLING AND GRAMMAR

I. ROBINSON: *lead, led; choose, chose; loose, lose* . 57

II. FALSE ALARM: *sit, set; lie, lay* 58

III. THE COMMUNITY HOSPITAL: *may, can; will, shall; lie, lay* 59

IV. SAVAGES: *its, it's; don't, doesn't; cant, can't; wont, won't; there, their, they're; then, than* . 60

V. JUST FOR EXCITEMENT: possessives, contractions; punctuation of conversation 61

VI. VENERABLE ROMANCE: *alumnæ, alumni;* spelling; hyphening 63

SECTION III: NARRATIVE AND EXPOSITORY SKETCHES

EXPOSITORY SKETCHES: ILLUSTRATING WHAT STUDENTS MAY DO WITH VARIOUS SORTS OF MATERIAL; FOOTNOTES; QUOTATIONS, ETC.

OH, DOCTOR! (Familiar essay on an old book) . . 67

WILD ORGANS I HAVE KNOWN (Personal experience) . 68

WHAT CULTURE MEANS TO ME (Definition and criticism) 70

CONTEXT AND ENVIRONMENT (Definition and illustration) 71

IN DEFENSE OF TREKKERS (Modern application of an old proverb) 73

PAGE

A BOARDING-SCHOOL ROOM (Descriptive exposition) . 75
THE SPHINX (Rhythmic prose) 76
THE LISTENERS (Review of poetry) 77
UNE NUIT BLANCHE (Personal experience) 80
NOTES ON MODERN POETRY (Reactions to modern poets; the beginning of a long essay) 82
THE GENTLE ART OF FAINTING (Part of an essay on the heroines of eighteenth century novels) 84

NARRATIVE SKETCHES
HENRY SINGS FOR HIS SUPPER 85
BARBARA COMES HOME 88
THE BIRTHDAY CAKE 90
UNEXPECTED 93
A TREMENDOUS TRIFLE 95

SECTION IV: SENTENCE STRUCTURE; PARTS OF SPEECH[1]

SIMPLE SENTENCES 102
COMPOUND SENTENCES 107
COMPLEX SENTENCES 109
COMPLEX-COMPOUND SENTENCES 112
VIRTUAL INDEPENDENT PREDICATIONS 113

SECTION V: PUNCTUATION

WHY PUNCTUATE? 117
THE USES OF PUNCTUATION MARKS 119
THE ESSENTIALS OF INTERIOR PUNCTUATION (Outline) . 120
THE ESSENTIALS OF INTERIOR PUNCTUATION ILLUSTRATED 121

[1] For parts of speech, see Index.

CHAPTER PAGE

I. CO-ORDINATE ELEMENTS 121
A. Independent clauses 121
B. Co-ordinate elements in series 122
C. Other co-ordinate elements, without conjunction 123

II. SUBORDINATE ELEMENTS 124
A. Non-restrictive 124
B. Out of their usual order 125

III. ELEMENTS GRAMMATICALLY INDEPENDENT . . 125
A. Vocatives, interjections, absolute expressions 125
B. Parenthetic afterthought, incomplete statements 126
C. Purely parenthetic expressions . . . 127

IV. PUNCTUATION FOR RHETORICAL EFFECT . . . 127

V. MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS OF PUNCTUATION, CAPITALIZATION, ETC. 128
A. Abbreviations and contractions . . . 128
B. Some possessives 129
C. Some compound words 129
D. Words and phrases used in unusual ways . 130
E. Titles of books, foreign phrases, punctuation of conversation, etc. 131
F. Right placing of quotation marks . . . 133

INDEX 137

ENGLISH REVIEW EXERCISES

Read before next lesson.

PRELIMINARIES

Any person who has intelligence enough to play tennis, work a simple problem in arithmetic, bake a pie, fill out a report blank correctly, or cut out a dress according to directions may, if he will, learn to write well-phrased, well-punctuated sentences. But he must first cease to regard words and sentences as something not worth while, or something about which he knows everything. He must regard them openmindedly and intelligently. No good lawyer or physician thinks he knows all about his profession; no authority on electricity thinks there is nothing else for him to learn. Nor does any person who really knows much about language and literature feel that his knowledge is great enough to need no further attention.

If words and phrases put together in wrong proportions and wrong combinations could blow up, as some chemicals carelessly thrown together will do, our ears would be constantly assailed with the popping of exploded sentences. And the person who could not understand his failure to get a position for which he had applied would know the reason why. The trouble with many a poorly-phrased and poorly-punctuated sentence is just that it turns out a "dud," falling unheeded into oblivion—and that the speaker or writer of the sentence is too careless or too dull, or perhaps too ignorant, to realize that his ideas have been most uninterestingly and stupidly expressed, or even that his words have said precisely what he did not intend.

Some of us who have used—or misused—the English language all our lives are as little able to express our mean-

ing truly as was the young woman who, when a Frenchman offered her a box of candy which she wished to accept, said "Merci"—and saw the young man, rather vexed at her refusal, turn and walk off with the candy! She did not know until later that what sounded to her like an English "Thank you" meant "Thank you, but I cannot accept what you offer," and that she ought to have expressed her meaning unmistakably by saying "Merci bien." Many a person daily misuses his own language in similar ways.

The purpose of this brief manual is to give the student as concisely and simply as possible the basic principles with which to work, and to show him some examples of an acceptable job: to give him some of the tools and materials, and a few simple directions, and then let him try his hand at making good sentences of various sorts. With this practice he should be able to use words and sentences more and more successfully. His ultimate success will depend, of course, on what he has to say that is amusing, interesting, instructive,—somehow worth hearing or reading.

The student may be interested in what happened to one university freshman whose difficulties in English were overcome by the use of exercises contained in this book.

"Here," said the freshman who had just entered the office of the Students' Typing Company, "is my first theme for English class." He held out a page of closely scribbled manuscript. "Our English instructor said that we might have our themes typewritten if we liked, but that the person who did the typewriting was to spell and punctuate—everything of that sort, you know—just exactly as we had done. He said if the man who copied our themes for us did not do them exactly as we had written them, it would be getting illegal help,—not honest work,

you know; and we'd be called up for it. We have to keep our original drafts, in case there's trouble. So please do it exactly as I've written it. I guess it's all right. I was excused from English composition in high school because I wanted to take public speaking; so I think I can write pretty well. I'm from Pendelburg, you know. We have a big high school,—more than a thousand. Of course my spelling may be a little off, but probably that doesn't matter. This is only the first theme, anyhow, except the things we have written in class for three days. I'll be back after it—when did you say it would be done? Tomorrow? Right-o." And he went out the door, feeling a little better for having talked to the pleasant-faced man in the office, for he knew nobody as yet except people who were all too much concerned with themselves to pay any attention to him.

The manager of the Students' Typing Company took the manuscript with a smile. Four or five other freshmen had come in that morning with similar requests. He wondered a little, as he watched the well-dressed young freshman leave the office, whether the theme was as good as the author thought it was. Interested in what the freshman had said, and curious to see what he had written, he placed a sheet of the official theme paper in the typewriter and began deciphering what turned out to be the most illegible piece of writing he had ever seen. He made out, however, all the words but one—the fifth—of which he could read only three letters. He could guess the word easily from the context, but he decided to do no guessing.

As he copied the manuscript, his wonder grew. He thought of the businesslike and well-groomed appearance of the young man, and of his self-confidence. He could scarcely believe the words he was putting down so faithfully on paper.

But the wonder of the freshman was even greater when, a few days afterward, the instructor returned the theme, liberally decorated with red ink. The student had handed in the theme with just a glance at the contents, to see that it looked neat, and his inexperienced and careless eye had not even noticed the blanks on the first line, where several letters were missing from a word. Reading the theme over soberly, he came to the conclusion that he must be careless about leaving letters off words, but he didn't see why the instructor should call it mistakes in grammar; why, a person of his family wouldn't think of making such mistakes! As for the spelling, it was bad. He had a good deal of difficulty himself in deciding, when he saw it underscored with red ink so that it stood out on the page, what he had meant by that word "virtue," which certainly did not make sense; but he finally decided that it might mean green grass, however you spelled the word.

It was with a sinking of heart that he presented, the next day, both his hand-written manuscript and the typed theme to the instructor, who greeted with a smile the fine-looking, bright young man who had been reciting so well in class, and whom he did not connect at all with the set of startlingly illiterate themes that he had been reading. The class was at present very large, and he had not yet discovered the identity of all his students.

The wonderment of the instructor was even greater than had been that of the typing man and the student, when he opened the theme and read:

My early notions of for- -g- countries and foreigner's were very strange. I thought that the country itself was very mountainness and had no or little virtue. The idea of the people were of persons that you see in picture with long hair and whiskers. That their cloth were old, dirty and ragged

and were worn as long as they could possibly be made to stay on. I thought that the people gained their living from hunting or by growing eatiable crops on a small scale. The fishing industary I thought was one of very high rank and was one practiced by most persons. The governiment of these country I thought of as one reads of in storys of how people go to war against each other upon any cause or sometimes with out any cause at all.

After having spent half an hour with the student, showing him the errors in this theme and the themes written in class, and after having tested his power to spell words and to discover his own mistakes, the instructor decided that it would be best for the student to go to sub-freshman English, where the themes were shorter, and special attention was given to cases like his. This was a great disappointment for a person who had been valedictorian of his class. But he was told that he could be graduated from sub-freshman English in a few weeks if he could make up his deficiencies soon. The instructor advised him to practice writing legibly, so that he could not only read his own writing if he saw a whole sentence, but could tell what a single word was if somebody isolated it on the page, so that he couldn't guess it from the context. The instructor also suggested that words and lines should be generously spaced, and that it was a good plan to copy a few sentences out of any textbook each day, or write down two or three original sentences, with an effort to spell and punctuate correctly and to write legibly.

"You have intelligence," said the instructor as he filled out a card transferring the student to sub-freshman English. "There is no reason why you should not succeed. You don't look like a person who would sulk and do nothing, or like one who hadn't the backbone to work hard and

make a success of whatever he undertook. I expect to see you back inside of a month, and I shall be glad to have you in my class again, if you wish it."

"Certainly do," replied the freshman, much cheered, and determined to succeed. "I never knew there was anything the matter with my writing. I do remember the family rowed a lot about a couple of letters I wrote the first time I went away from home alone, but after that I always telegraphed,—swifter, you know. I say, I suppose those telegraph operators must've laughed at me. Wow! Well, thank you a lot, sir. *I'm coming back,* if I don't make a date for weeks. Good-bye."

He did come back, at the end of a month. Not only that, but he finished the first semester with a grade of Fair, and the second with one of Good; and later he said the hardest and most profitable work he had ever done was his sub-freshman work in the first month of his university life.

SECTION I

CONSTRUCTIVE EXERCISES

IN REVIEW OF

GRAMMAR AND SENTENCE STRUCTURE

Mrs. Malaprop. There, sir, an attack upon my language! What do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! Was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

From *The Rivals,* Act III, Scene iii
Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1775

A Hint for the Student

In making the first draft of an exercise, begin with the word or group of words most interesting to you. Let your mind, memory, and imagination work on it long enough to think out an idea worth the trouble of putting on paper, and sufficiently interesting or instructive, or both, to be worth the reader's attention. Then write the sentence according to the requirements of the exercise. Next verify your results; see that you have followed directions in every particular. One of the first proofs of ability to make a success of life is the willingness to obey orders, whether for writing a sentence or directing a regiment. But all the willingness in the world will be of no use unless a person has acquired the power to read or listen to directions with intelligence, and to remember to follow them accurately; and unless he has also the disposition to give generously of time and effort in order to do a good piece of work. Finally, through having learned these things and made them matters of habit, a man should have acquired the power to direct others with such clearness and intelligence that his orders will be unmistakably understood.

Constructive Exercises I[1]

Subjects and Predicates

A

Each of the following expressions is to be used in constructing a statement of at least fifteen words.

Underscore the subject and predicate (or skeleton) of each sentence. For example, using "In the water" as a phrase around which to build a sentence, one might write:

1. There in the water, struggling against the ebbing tide, was a great, stout old man with a child on his back and an overturned boat in tow.

1. In the water
2. Lazily strolling
3. Tariff
4. Had been seen
5. Who wore a black coat
6. Hail and rain
7. A camp in the woods
8. Electric washing-machine
9. Penetrating the silence
10. To read aloud
11. Hurriedly
12. With a spoon and a bowl
13. Truth
14. Stealthily opening the door
15. Dairy farm
16. A persistent buzz
17. Philosophical
18. Slowly, steadily
19. Thought a long time
20. Shop windows

[1] References to *English Review Grammar*, by Walter Kay Smart (F. S. Crofts & Co., New York, 1925) are indicated by the letters *E. R. G.*

B

Write sentences containing the following words or groups of words.

In each sentence use as subject (1) a common, or (2) a proper noun; (a) an abstract, (b) a collective, or (c) a compound noun. Underscore each subject noun, and number or letter it according to the classification given. For instance:

1. Matthew (2) was groping his way along the narrow, unlighted street when, from the dark alley at his left, suddenly a huge touring car rolled noiselessly out across the walk and into the street,—a car without lights and with curtains closely drawn.

1. From a dark alley
2. An interesting book
3. Duty
4. Bent and old
5. Brightly shining
6. Chemistry
7. Sat dejectedly
8. Musical
9. To advance
10. Sacred
11. Historical fact
12. On the housetops
13. Hurried aboard the train
14. Deep flowing
15. Alert
16. Raising alfalfa
17. By Charles Dickens
18. Will be furnished
19. Had broken the law
20. Counting pins, straight and crooked, after the circus

E. R. G., sec. 1–4, 273–5, 279–81, 284–7

Constructive Exercise II

Subjects and Objects; Various Kinds of Substantives

A

Most of the following words or groups of word are not nouns, but they may be used as subjects [1] of sentences (as subject substantives).

Use each as the subject of a sentence. In parentheses after the sentence state, if you can readily do it, the usual use of the word: verb, adjective, prepositional phrase, etc. For instance:

1. To fight with a boy twice his size seemed to be the chief delight of Tommy Atkins. (Infinitive)

1. To fight
2. Marconi
3. And
4. The humble
5. Energetic walking
6. Seven
7. Being an opera singer
8. Whose
9. Into the house
10. That he would succeed
11. How to roast meat
12. Trying a new car
13. Sesquipedalian
14. The law of gravitation
15. *As You Like It*
16. He
17. Whoever is hiding
18. To gain power
19. Serenading at midnight
20. Constant travelling in an aeroplane

[1] They may of course be used in other parts of the sentence, where a noun might be used,—as direct object of the verb, as object of a preposition, etc.

B

adj-163-168
adv 217-221.

Construct sentences in which the words or groups of words listed in Section A shall be used in other parts of the sentence than the subject. For instance:

5. My favorite outdoor sport in summer, you will be surprised to hear, is energetic walking on a cool, shady country road. (Predicate substantive)

E. R. G., sec. 29, 34, 275, 283, 365–73 ~ all.

Constructive Exercise III

Adjectival and Adverbial Expressions

A these

Use each of these adjectival or adverbial expressions in a sentence. Underscore te expression used.

Indicate in parentheses at the end of the sentence whether the form is adjectival or adverbial.

1. Easily
2. Quick and energetic
3. Higher
4. Drowsily
5. Frantic
6. Worst
7. Here
8. Stupefied
9. Immediately
10. Motionless
11. Excellent
12. Silently, mysteriously
13. In summer nights
14. Perpendicularly
15. Today
16. Severe
17. Ninety-two
18. Creeping
19. Unbroken
20. Very strongly

For Tues.

B

Write a sentence of at least twenty words around each of the substantives, nouns or pronouns, enumerated below. Underscore *once* any adjectives used in the sentences, and *twice* any adverbs.

1. Presidential candidate
2. Kindness
3. *The Saturday Evening Post*
4. Wave
5. Excess
6. Nobody
7. Mirth
8. February
9. Religion
10. Manufacturer
11. Associations
12. Moonlight
13. Dean
14. Clothes
15. Mr. Pickwick
16. Stature
17. She
18. Fishing
19. Cemetery
20. Magnificence

C

To at least one noun and one verb in each of these sentences add a prepositional phrase.

Underscore each added phrase, *once* if it is *adjectival* and *twice* if it is *adverbial*. For example:

1. Peter slowly entered the house with the green blinds, closing the screen door with unnatural care, as if it were an object of a delicate nature, which must be handled gently.

1. Peter entered the house, closing the screen door as if it were an object which must be handled gently.
2. "There were six ducks," John said, "swimming on the pond."

3. The ship having come to anchor in the bay, a boat put out from it, and two men were seen rowing hard toward the wharf.

4. George Washington was a man.

5. The office boy glowered at the little old woman in a faded black silk dress.

6. The need of good concrete roads is well understood.

7. The children were merrily eating their supper when suddenly a great cloud blotted out the sun and sent them scurrying to the house.

8. International peace has been much discussed.

9. Eben Hazard kept close watch over the treasure.

10. A Rolls-Royce would look queer in our village.

E. R. G., sec. 192, 193 (1), 194, 198 (2)–(3)

Constructive Exercise IV

Adjectival, Adverbial, and Substantive Clauses

A

Add an adjectival clause to one substantive (noun or pronoun, or any word or words used as a noun) in each of these sentences.

Underscore the clause and the word it modifies.

1. On entering the house supposed to be haunted, he discovered a half-starved gray cat.

2. Senator Perkins is a strong believer in high taxation for corporations.

3. The house was painted red.

4. Many people fail in English composition because they do not work as hard at it as they would at mathematics or history or a foreign language.

5. It was an interesting thing to see millionaires and ragamuffins standing quietly together in a great plaza in Naples, listening to the music.

6. An engineering blue print looks very carelessly done if words on it are misspelled.

7. With the exhausted man between them, astride the icy log across the stream, they alternately pulled and pushed him and themselves to the other side of the creek, where stood a deserted log cabin.

8. It is not strange that the descendants of people who believed in the Magna Charta should have written the Declaration of Independence.

9. Alexander, who liked reading, had gone through his father's whole set of Scott's works before he was eleven years old; but Stewart had read no books except those required in school.

10. To balance the virtues of her newest maid against the faults of the one she had just discharged taxed Mrs. Chatty's intellectual powers to the utmost.

B

Expand each of the following sentences so that it will contain a clause indicating time, place, or condition.

Strive to make the sentences as varied and interesting as possible. Try to place clauses elsewhere than at the end.

1. Swiftly and silently the automobile slid out of the garage.

2. A college student who knows nothing about plagiarism sometimes finds himself in serious difficulty.

3. Old Peter Nubbins said he did not like poetry or any such stuff.

4. The very thin old man with a bird-like wisp of a daughter moved slowly across the lawn.

5. A golf player who does not care whether he wins a game or not is a very queer person.

6. Be at the meeting place punctually at nine o'clock.

7. Down the street came ten men in kilts, merrily playing bagpipes.

8. I learned *The Charge of the Light Brigade* by heart, and declaimed it with great fervor.

9. Stephen had planted his corn three times that spring.

10. His trip to the Orient, which he had looked forward to a long time, had to be put off until another year.

Two parts of a compound senten
is separated by a comma when
line conjunction is

Use each of the following expressions in a sentence containing a substantive (or noun) clause.

Make some of the clauses subjects and some objects. Underscore each substantive clause.

1. In China
2. When my vacation begins
3. Heard an excellent sermon
4. A village
5. Sitting on the doorstep
6. The truth of the matter
7. His views on tenement houses
8. Practically impossible
9. Sensible people
10. Tall, strong, and very homely

3:45 Monday.
Pure Conjunctio
and, or
but, neither
for, nor.

E. R. G., sec. 210–13, 225–6, 227 (1)–(3), 242–3, 251

Constructive Exercise V

Clauses Reduced to Phrases or Single Words

Reduce each of the subordinate clauses (adjectival,

adverbial, or substantive clauses) to as many briefer forms as possible.

Underscore the form that seems to you best suited to the idea,—if the original form is not best.

Example:

The Fourth of July orator, when he had finished his speech, wiped his brow, which was hot, bowed to the audience which remained spell-bound, and hastily entered the automobile that was waiting for him.

The Fourth of July orator { having finished his speech / his speech ended / after his speech } wiped his hot brow, bowed to the spell-bound audience, and hastily entered a waiting automobile.

This has been reduced from thirty-four words to twenty-three or twenty-four. May it be reduced still further? all.

1. Chicago, which is one of the largest cities in the world, is a very busy place

2. Because they were happy, the children danced and sang

3. The boy who has red hair is the most mischievous boy in this whole town

4. *Travels with a Donkey,* which was written by Robert Louis Stevenson, is an account of a journey which the author made on foot through France

5. When the clock struck twelve, the door opened, and in stepped—not their intended victim, but the most unexpected of all persons who might be unexpected—Policeman Travis himself

6. The architect, when he had finished his plans and speci-

fications, sighed with relief because he had at last brought to a conclusion a job which had been long and hard

7. Down the street on which the August sun beat mercilessly shuffled a ragged old woman whose back was bent and whose grey hair hung in untidy wisps around her face

8. Everybody in town knew that Thomas Stedman was an excellent candidate for postmaster

9. When I again stepped along the sun-flecked red-brick walk to Jane's door, I was dressed in the best finery that I owned; I meant to give the poor woman, who was bedridden, a treat

10. That the bill would fail was well recognized by every member of the legislature

E. R. G., sec. 85–6, 172–4, 192, 193 (1), 198, 210–12, 225–6, 227 (1)–(3), 228–39

Constructive Exercise VI

Combination and Subordination of Brief Independent Predications

A

Rewrite these paragraphs consisting of short sentences. Rearrange ideas; subordinate some, reducing them to clauses or phrases, or even single words. Reduce the number of sentences to as few as seem fitted to the thought. *Be sure to include all the ideas.*

As an illustration of what might be done, here are four sentences:

> He was frightened. The log cabin was old. He trembled violently and started toward the door. He heard a noise.

They may be combined into one:

> Frightened by the noise in the old log cabin, and trembling violently, he started toward the door.

1. The boy stood up. He hung his head. He shifted his feet nervously. He stammered. He could not speak. He twisted his cap in his hands. Finally he giggled.

2. The sun was low. The birds were cheeping sleepily. There was no breeze. Alice was half asleep in the porch swing. Mist was rising on the river.

3. I like the book. It is interesting. The characters are likeable. Even the villain has some good qualities. He is rather human. The hero is human too. He has some faults. The heroine is a normal young woman. She is good-looking. She is not a flapper. She is not a prig. The plot is interesting.

4. We drew near the house. We heard music. It was faintly audible. The chirping of the crickets was louder than it. The house was entirely dark. Deserted and tumbledown it looked. We were naturally mystified. The sounds came from a piano, a very good piano. We were forty miles from even the smallest village. This was the heart of the pine woods. There was no road anywhere except a very old logging road. The logging road was grass grown, as it had not been used for years.

B

Rewrite the following theme, condensing and combining ideas so that they will be logically phrased and interestingly varied.

The Pea Industry

The growing of peas is one of Wisconsin's many industries. It is carried on in the most fertile sections. The land must be in very good condition, and must be easily culti-

vated. In growing peas the climate is a very important factor. It must not be too warm or too cold. There are three kinds of peas, the early peas, the sweet peas, and the late peas. The seed for these peas comes from the western states such as Montana and South Dakota. Each kind of pea is planted at a different time. The early peas are planted first. About a week later the sweet peas are planted, and two weeks later the late peas. They are planted with a special machine, similar to a grain drill.

The peas are ready to be harvested about the sixth or seventh week after they are planted. They have to be watched very carefully so that they will not become too ripe. They are cut with a hay mower which has a few special attachments. The early peas are cut and threshed first, the sweet peas next, and the late peas last. Wagons are used to haul them from the fields to the thresher. The thresher, which looks like a large box, is a very simple piece of machinery. The peas are also graded at the thresher, the small ones in one box and the large in another.

The next process, which is the most interesting, is canning. A large amount of capital is required to build a canning factory. The machinery is very expensive. When the machinery is idle, it has to have the best of care so that it will not rust. This factory employs a large number of people. The factory is a long, low brick building. The peas are taken in at one end, where they are picked over by the women. They are then put through a set of machinery where they are mixed with a brine, put into cans, and sealed. They are then put into tanks under steam pressure. After a certain time they are cooled in large tanks of water. Then they are packed in boxes and labeled according to the different grades. There is a small and a large grade of each kind.

E. R. G., sec. 210–20, 223, 242, 251, 260–3

Constructive Exercise VII

Co-ordinate Expressions; Co-ordinate Predications

A

Change these sentences so that each of the italicized expressions will be accompanied by *one or more* co-ordinate elements.[1]

Underscore all co-ordinate elements.

For example: "He is tall," altered to "He is tall, strong, and handsome," would fulfill requirements.

1. We saw a *young* man who was dressed in the uniform of a soldier
2. He ran *swiftly* down the road and across the fields
3. We went *into the garden,* because we were tired of the house
4. *I like movies*
5. The *books* were greatly appreciated *by John*
6. *The men from New York* liked the woods around Madison
7. *John* often *played tennis* on holidays
8. *In the evening* we went *swimming*
9. When I am tired, I like to read *a thrilling novel*
10. We went *when we could*
11. The boys who *broke the windows* ran hastily away
12. The fog horn *sounded in the quiet of the night*
13. The flowers *that I so greatly enjoyed* had been sent to me by *my sister Jane*
14. *Traffic policemen* are not always the *tyrants* they are said to be
15. The young recruit was ordered *to clean his gun* and then to help *the cook*

[1] Words, phrases, or clauses of equal rank, used together as subject, predicate, object, modifiers, etc.

16. *Venturing timidly out from our hiding place,* we decided that it was safe to go home
17. *The dam had broken*
18. The pleasure *of listening to the opera that night* was denied him, for he had lost *his tickets*
19. We have often been told *that small children ought not to work in factories*
20. *When the excitement was over,* all the *men* went trooping home to supper

B

To each of these independent statements (or predications) add a co-ordinate predication. As far as possible use *or, but, neither, for, nor,* instead of *and;* or use no conjunction, but join the predications with a semicolon.

1. The evidence was against the prisoner
2. She sat dejectedly on a log
3. There was a flood
4. Driving a car is risky work when you are an amateur
5. Down by the gate stood the cows
6. A grate fire is pleasant on a winter evening
7. My grandfather liked the Psalms of David better than anything else in the Bible
8. Everywhere the delegation went, they were well received
9. His hands trembled
10. Suddenly turning a corner, we stopped in amazement

E. R. G., sec. 184–7, 212–24, 258–9. For difference in use of the terms *subordinating conjunction* and *conjunctive adverb,* see p. 27.

Constructive Exercise VIII

Phrases and Clauses; Absolute Expressions

A

To each of the following parts of sentences add, at the beginning or the end, words which will make it a complete sentence,—a complete independent predication.

State, in parentheses at the end of the sentence, whether the given element is a phrase or a clause.

1. Soon observing that her presence was not desired
2. In the study of geology
3. Twilight drawing near
4. Up the hill
5. When the sun had risen
6. Singing gaily
7. A mummy
8. In the book of Genesis
9. Seeing a light
10. American history
11. Wearing wooden shoes
12. Since it is necessary to make a decision
13. Florida real estate
14. To be repainted
15. After having watched the sunset
16. Inordinately greedy
17. Sooner than any one had expected
18. Judging by appearances
19. The twenty-ninth day of February
20. Had been well trained

B

Some of the expressions in the following list require the writer to know the difference between an absolute ex-

pression (nominative absolute or gerund phrase) and a noun with a participial modifier.

In working out this exercise, underscore the form used, and in parentheses after the sentence state what the form is: adjective phrase, nominative absolute, noun with participial modifier, etc.

Examples of the two forms likely to be confused:

1. Mr. Thomas, having sold his house, moved to Toledo. (noun with participial modifier)

2. Mr. Thomas having sold his house, everybody supposed that he would soon leave town. (Nominative absolute)

1. The chicken having crossed the road
2. Presently Mr. Matthews, having heard a noise in the basement,
3. At precisely four o'clock the procession having at its head Deacon Thompkins
4. The committee having brought its report
5. Seeing a light
6. The fashions having changed
7. The little bird flopping awkwardly in the grass
8. After having read the book
9. Because the train had been wrecked
10. Wearing shoes
11. Into the mob
12. Having seen the accident
13. My father having lost his fortune
14. In the study of geology
15. Twilight drawing near
16. The president having been absent from the meeting
17. Particularly dutiful in all that concerned her family
18. Taxes being very high
19. Slowly approaching
20. Singing gaily

E. R. G., sec. 158–64, 166, 192–4, 198 (2)–(3), 204, 210–11

Constructive Exercise IX

Review of Phrase and Clause; Simple, Compound, and Complex Sentences

A

Using these statements, write sentences containing (1) a prepositional phrase used as an adjective; (2) a prepositional phrase used as an adverb; (3) an adjectival clause; or (4) an adverbial clause.

Write at least two examples of each form. Underscore and number the expression used to illustrate the form.

In parentheses state whether each sentence is simple, compound, or complex.

1. Election day is fast approaching
2. I expect to stay here during the summer
3. Autumn colors are gorgeous
4. As a child, I liked *Treasure Island* better than any other book in my father's library
5. John Farber was a backwoodsman
6. Diogenes went about with a lantern, looking for an honest man
7. Her friends wept to think of her going to India
8. Purple lights tinted the sky
9. A radio set has brought joy to many a farmer's wife
10. The director of the orchestra was excited

B

To each of these statements add one or more independent clauses (independent predications) to form a compound sentence.

Construct the sentences so that in some the clauses will be separated by commas, in some by semicolons, and in at least one by a colon. Between some of the clauses use *also, however, therefore,* or any other conjunctive adverb.[1]

1. The leaves were fast turning yellow
2. Fishing is great sport
3. When I pushed back the door, which was half open, I gasped
4. We were overjoyed to see Tom, our brother just home from Asia
5. Intelligence and industry are important qualities for any work
6. The small boys of our neighborhood are very annoying
7. Many mistakes were made
8. Alexander went into the deserted cabin, where he found a wooden pail and a rusty tin dipper
9. "Elegant" English is sometimes very stiff and stilted
10. By a stroke of good fortune they succeeded
11. Benjamin Franklin was ahead of his times
12. The wind blew
13. Mrs. Ellery Bowman liked ancient pottery
14. One of our neighbors has been twice around the world
15. The president, a very pompous man, pounded on the table to bring the meeting to order
16. On the porch stood an old man

[1] *English Review Grammar* makes a valuable distinction between two kinds of subordinating conjunction (see *E. R. G.*, sec. 537–8, and also p. 109, note 1, of this book). But, since connectives such as *hence, however, therefore* (see p. 108, note 2, for list) are generally known as conjunctive adverbs (instead of "conjunctions regularly showing consequence") the term has been retained here; and also, according to general usage, both kinds of conjunction showing subordination (*when, while, where;* and *if, as, because,* etc.) have been grouped as subordinating conjunctions.

17. Your argument, which is very weak, anyhow, has been used many times
18. Some people, queer as it may seem, appear thoroughly to enjoy eighteen holes of golf under a broiling sun
19. Many mistakes were made
20. There were certainly two sides to the case

E. R. G., sec. 192–4, 198(2)–(3), 212–24, 228–39, 255–9, 262

Constructive Exercise X

Singular and Plural Substantives; Person and Number; a Paragraph to Write

A

One of the following statements is to serve as a topic sentence, or part of one, for a paragraph of five to ten sentences. In the paragraph use (1) a singular pronoun; (2) a plural substantive; (3) a plural noun; (4) a substantive in the first person plural; (5) a noun in the third person plural. Underscore and number each of the five illustrative words required.

1. It was a pleasant moonlight evening
2. Two old farmers were standing by the road
3. It is to be hoped that when the legislature convenes next winter, it will appropriate enough money to
4. Horace pulled out the tool kit and, with an unhappy sigh for the fate of his new white trousers, set to work
5. I have no favorite book for all times; I have favorite books for various moods
6. A rainy day is a great boon to some people
7. High on a girder of the great building sat a man looking down at us
8. Small children often have queer ideas of grown people

9. There is plenty of opportunity for reform in
10. They saw an elephant loom up in the twilight

B

To each of these sentences add a clause, or another sentence, according to directions in parentheses. Underscore the added expression.

1. A great naturalist must be an interesting person to know (Independent clause with a noun in the first person singular)
2. My first experience with an automobile was very amusing (Co-ordinate clause with a noun in the second person plural)
3. The President of the United States is a very busy man (Complex sentence with a pronoun in the third person singular)
4. Strange to say, the people who would give a fortune for old furniture are just the people who would have nothing to do with old clothes (Compound sentence with a substantive in the third person plural)
5. Winter moonlight is very different from summer moonlight (Subordinate clause with a substantive in the first person singular)

E. R. G., sec. 1–6, 29, 32, 34–9, 192f., 210f., 252f., 326–7, 406–12

Constructive Exercise XI

Verbs: Person, Number, Tense; Progressive and Emphatic Forms

A

Each of these verbs (in the person, number, and tense indicated) is to be used as the predicate of a sentence.

Simple, compound, and complex sentences should be used.

VERB	PERSON	NUMBER	TENSE
1. perceive	third	plural	present
2. choose	second	singular	perfect
3. lie (to recline)	first	plural	past
4. rise	third	singular	perfect
5. recommend	first	plural	future
6. disappear	third	singular	past
7. perform	second	plural	perfect
8. burst	third	singular	past
9. lay	first	plural	present
10. drop	second	singular	perfect
11. raise	third	plural	future perfect
12. drown	first	singular	past perfect
13. precede	third	singular	perfect
14. lose	first	plural	present
15. accept	second	singular	future
16. come	third	singular	past perfect
17. run	first	plural	past
18. shine	second	singular	perfect
19. throw	first	plural	past
20. write	third	singular	past perfect

E. R. G., sec. 106–23, 168–71, 457–62

B

Around each of these expressions write a sentence that requires (1) a progressive or (2) an emphatic (or "do") form of the verb. Use the tense indicated in each case. Underscore each verb, and number it: (1) progressive or (2) emphatic.

1. I understand you; indeed (present)
2. Before he went to France, John (past perfect)

3. Down from the castle wall he (past)
4. This is the strangest house I ever (past)
5. Whatever people may say, we still (present)
6. As Michael strolled down to the wharf he noticed that (past)
7. When Mr. Stephenson remarked to his wife that a stowaway had just been found, half-starved, the heartless Mrs. Stephenson replied that the wretch would probably ask for food before a shave—and he (past)
8. He is illiterate; he (present)
9. A very nervous man, for the past hour he (perfect)
10. Considering the obstacles he had had to overcome, he (past)

E. R. G., sec. 106–23, 168–71, 457–62.

Constructive Exercise XII

Verbs: Tense and Voice; Transitive, Intransitive, Copulative

A

Complete the following sentences, using the verb and the tense and voice indicated in parentheses:

1. The book which you hold in your hand (*print:* past, passive)
2. On next New Year's Day we (*elect:* future, active)
3. It is strange how (*disappoint:* perfect, passive)
4. Often in past days they (*drive:* past perfect, active)
5. I went into the house before (*ring:* past, passive)
6. Tomorrow I (*hunt:* future, active)
7. When she has finished writing her exercises (*examine:* future, passive)
8. I am accustomed to circuses, for (*see:* present, active)
9. Hearing a great crash (*run:* past perfect, active)
10. To tell the truth (*attack:* future, passive)

E. R. G., sec. 99–102, 112–19, 147–51, 449–62

B

Write sentences using these verbs in the voice and tense indicated:

1. *bend:* past, passive
2. *carve:* future, passive
3. *present:* present, active
4. *enjoy:* perfect, passive
5. *arrive:* past perfect, active
6. *stop:* perfect, active
7. *ask:* past, passive
8. *assist:* future, active
9. *break:* perfect, passive
10. *lead:* past, active

C

Complete these sentences. Underscore *all* verbs, and number them as (1) transitive, (2) intransitive, or (3) copulative. In parentheses after each sentence indicate whether it is simple, compound, or complex.

1. After all, to elect Jenkins scarcely seems wise, because
2. The beginning of the trouble was this: the congregation
3. Flapping their wings and cawing loudly
4. My first experience in baking bread (or making a radio set, playing football, etc.)
5. The best players, if I do say it, did not hit
6. During our stay in the valley we explored
7. It was evident that we ought to travel by
8. There is every reason to believe that we
9. Most of them think
10. Burns's poem, *To a Mouse*
11. The man who wished to buy a magazine asked
12. The problem of traffic on crowded streets has become
13. Out of the past with all its vicissitudes came to the old man
14. The American consul said as we entered his office
15. To Francis Arnold speculation in wheat
16. It is a difficult task for an editor of

17. Whirling around so suddenly that he nearly bowled me over
18. The freshman in college
19. Having finished his day's work
20. To sing as Galli Curci sings

Constructive Exercise XIII

Case: Objects, Predicate Substantives, Possessives

A

To each of these beginnings of sentences add one or more substantives as the object or the predicate substantive. In parentheses after the sentence state which you have used.

1. We saw, as we went into the room,
2. Whatever you do, it will satisfy
3. Out of the gloom came two men who were
4. The sun was just setting when we neared the place where we had first seen
5. He was willing to do it for the sake of
6. When all is said and done, the plan has been
7. After trying home economics and landscape gardening, both of which she entered with great enthusiasm and left with utter boredom, she became
8. Fortunately the old man did not have to appear in court, for he had not seen
9. Considering the present state of the soil, there will probably not be
10. There is every evidence that the prisoner had

B

To each of the following sentence elements add a substantive modified by a relative clause:

1. We saw, riding at anchor, seventeen boats, and we counted
2. High on the side of the mountain appeared
3. Whenever he spoke, it was evident that he knew
4. Among the most beautiful of the trees is
5. We shall give it to
6. Everywhere we went, we heard the praises of
7. Slowly the sun was setting as John turned toward the house of
8. Of the eight men only two survived besides
9. When the concert was over, the singer went into
10. The child stood before the mirror, solemnly admiring

C

Complete each of the following beginnings of sentences. Underscore each substantive in the sentence, and number it: (1) nominative case; (2) possessive; or (3) accusative.

1. On application at the office
2. When we arrived
3. My favorite author
4. Consequently, on hearing the outcry
5. Bending over to pat the child on the head
6. I do not believe in
7. It is not Eleanor who
8. In the midst of the turmoil
9. Finally, there is this to be considered:
10. The real sinners, not they who

E. R. G., sec. 9–20, 40–44, 53–65, 357

Constructive Exercise XIV

Agreement: Subject and Predicate; the Relative Pronoun and its Antecedent

A

Use each of these expressions in a compound or a complex sentence. In parentheses at the end of the sentence state what form of sentence you have used.

Underscore the subject and predicate of each clause, and make sure that they agree in number and person.

1. One of the men
2. Several of the people
3. The truth about the remarks of the audience
4. There always has been
5. One of my most frequent mistakes
6. The pictures that you see on the wall
7. I see that the decisions of Judge Thomas
8. He told me, as we sauntered toward the factory, that the works
9. There will be
10. Her interest in music, sculpture, and painting
11. The college student's traditions of fair play
12. Since the dam has been built, the falls
13. The information to be found in newspapers
14. The pages of this volume of notes
15. On the table near the window
16. While he stands watching, out comes
17. The end and aim of my work
18. Not until after dinner
19. Among the authors whom he mentioned
20. Out of the whole fund, fifty dollars

B

Complete these beginnings of sentences. Underscore all subjects and predicates. In parentheses at the end of each sentence state whether the verb is singular or plural.

1. The professor or one of his assistants
2. Suddenly appearing on the scene
3. These books, with all their curious bindings
4. Mrs. Ebenezer felt that
5. There was, in fact
6. Jane, or else one of her sisters
7. The difficulty of returning to work after so many thrilling adventures
8. My dislike of mathematics
9. There are many among us who
10. His laboratory, with its collection of chemicals,
11. The idea itself, as well as the trouble of carrying it out
12. Not until twenty years had passed
13. Here among these papers are
14. Either my haste or your misunderstanding
15. My sister, or else one of her friends,
16. Neither the first plan nor the second
17. The President, as well as all his cabinet
18. Within the boundaries which he set
19. The letter, or perhaps a chance remark
20. Parallel with the line which marked the southern edge of our field

C

Write sentences beginning as follows. Underscore all relative pronouns *and their antecedents*. Indicate the *person* of each relative pronoun by (1), (2), or (3) placed after it.

1. It was apparently one of those cases which
2. This information is very valuable to a person who
3. He was recognized as one of those citizens who
4. The need of both speed and accuracy, which
5. One of the surest ways I know of mastering a subject
6. Was it ever told to him who
7. One of the most annoying kinds of interruption
8. Neither our car nor Aunt Hester's fat old pony
9. Please give it to me who
10. There are seven hills which
11. In the crowd of people were many who
12. One of the most interesting kinds of book
13. The desire for both money and fame
14. In the collection of papers found in the vault are many letters which
15. Do you say it to me who
16. First to be considered in arranging our plans
17. Eleanor is one of those sensitive persons who
18. It belongs to a class of insects that
19. The book is particularly valuable to him who
20. He showed himself to be one of those enthusiasts who so often

D

Using the tenses indicated, write sentences beginning as follows. Underscore the subject and predicate (or skeleton) of each independent clause (or predication).

1. Each one of the men who owned the most shares (past perfect)
2. Another of the workmen (perfect)
3. Before December 31 at twelve o'clock, some of (future perfect)
4. He is one of those rapid workers who (present)
5. The feeling of doubt, anxiety, and irritation (past)

6. It was evident that this means of finishing the job (past perfect)
7. Everything in the boxes that we had opened (past)
8. When everything is taken into consideration, neither of the plans (future)
9. Year after year the mayor (perfect)
10. As he finished his speech, every one in the room (past)
11. He tells me that a thousand dollars (future)
12. Either the child's shyness or his reserve (past)
13. Somebody from the tenth ward, or perhaps it was the eleventh (past)
14. The minister could be counted on to make one of those tactful remarks which (present)
15. Into the room strode (past perfect)
16. Although a person who is well educated (present)
17. The verdict of the jury—a jury composed of six farmers and six shopkeepers (perfect)
18. To what heights men may ascend if they strive ever upward (present)
19. That Robert Williams had joined the navy (past)
20. The senator, with all his followers (future perfect)

E. R. G., sec. 45–7, 53–65, 336–45, 463–75

Constructive Exercise XV

General Review of Grammar and Sentence Structure

A

To *any five* of these predications add words to make (1) a simple sentence with a verb in the past passive voice; (2) a compound sentence with a simple co-ordinating conjunction and a verb in the perfect tense; (3) a compound sentence, the parts connected with a conjunctive adverb and a verb in the present tense; (4) a compound sentence

with no conjunction or conjunctive adverb, and a verb in the past perfect tense; (5) a complex sentence, the verb in the future singular active.

1. The great bridge over
2. The old man was seen
3. A burglar had been caught
4. He sings like
5. Friends have helped
6. An elephant
7. Before noon the storm
8. The prize
9. At last the end
10. We made wooden shields and spears

B

Number, in parentheses after it, at least one of each of the following forms that you have used in working out Section A. Number each carefully according to the list: (1) for an article, (2) for an adjective, etc.

Then write additional sentences to illustrate all the rest of the forms which you have not used, numbering them in the same way.

1. Article
2. Adjective
3. Adverb
4. Co-ordinate verbs
5. Pronoun
6. Simple conjunction
7. Subordinating conjunction
8. Infinitive
9. Conjunctive adverb
10. Words in a series
11. Adjectival phrase
12. Adverbial phrase
13. Substantive clause
14. Participle
15. Relative pronoun
16. Personal pronoun in third person singular
17. Pronoun in first person plural
18. Substantive in accusative case

19. Substantive in possessive case
20. Verb in past passive singular
21. Verb in future active plural
22. Adjectival clause
23. Adverbial clause
24. Preposition
25. Appositive
26. Predicate substantive
27. Predicate adjective
28. Interjection
29. Nominative absolute
30. Vocative, or word of direct address

E. R. G. See references in preceding exercises, and also Index and Table of Contents.

SECTION II

DICTATION, AND COPYING EXERCISES

FOR PRACTICE IN SPELLING,
PUNCTUATION, GRAMMAR, DICTION

Sir Anthony. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

The Rivals, Act I, scene ii
Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1775.

Class Dictation Exercises

1. Finally we two boys proceeded courageously into the dilapidated house where the two murders had been committed a year ago. It was too dark to see anything; but we were not disappointed. We heard something.

2. We effected a great change in their opinions, except in the case of one person. He, though greatly affected by our arguments, would not accept our plans.

3. I perceive that you have received an excellent education in Latin, and I believe that you will be competent to relieve your aged father of the responsibility of deciphering these valuable old manuscripts which descended to him from his French great-grandfather. You must have been greatly surprised at the discovery of these documents, which disappeared in the seventeenth century and did not reappear until twenty years ago.

4. Our high school athletics will be at loose ends if John again leads the football team in a losing game with Park Falls High School, as he led them last year.

5. I was deceived into believing that I should receive an invitation to Mrs. Smith's house party on June 8, 1922. But the invitation, contrary to my hope, did not come. I then went to Buffalo, New York, where I spent a month relieving my aunt from her duties as nurse for an aged relative.

6. The disappearance of their pet robin disappointed the children greatly. They kept hoping that the little bird would some day come hopping back, as it used to do, across the lawn and up to the porch, to eat the crumbs they saved for it.

7. Government ownership of natural resources is a question of great moment. It cannot be decided in a minute, as some politicians think.

8. It was truly a tragedy for the dignified Mr. Watterson when, after forty years of blameless life, he was stopped by an officer for absent-mindedly violating a traffic ordinance. He found it necessary to appear in court, and felt that the situation was very awkward when he paid his fine in the presence of at least a fourth of his friends, who had heard of the incident and had come to see the sport.

9. Slowly entering the great hotel dining room was a poorly-dressed young woman leading a small child by the hand. The two quietly crossed the room and slipped modestly into chairs in a corner. The mother carefully pinned a napkin around the tiny child's neck, and waited patiently for the food, which was slow in coming. It was exactly half past seven o'clock when finally she dropped a shining gold coin into the astonished waiter's hand, and with a pleasant smile refused to receive any change. Ever since, the waiter has been serving poorly-dressed people with great diligence, hoping that he may again meet a princess in disguise.

10. Joe told his high school principal that the principal difficulty he had found in freshman English at the university was learning to apply the three principles of composition,—unity, coherence, and emphasis. All the freshmen from his town, he said, were having the same difficulty. But others were having more, because they did not even know how to spell and punctuate or to use irregular verbs correctly.

11. Townsend read the novel aloud, but he omitted two chapters,—a fact which was immediately noticeable to Carter, who had read the book. When asked whether the omission had been accidentally made, he replied that he had originally planned to read these chapters, but that it had

occurred to him that they were written in a more humorous style than the rest, and that they would not be particularly impressive, and so he had left them out.

12. The professor of mathematics advised us to give a wide berth to anything literary, and devote our attention to algebra and calculus; but the professor of English grammar was very scornful about the value of mathematics to a girl who was preparing to teach home economics or medieval history, and advised us to spend most of our leisure in studying the classics. As we preferred literature, we took the English professor's advice.

13. On Wednesday, February first, we shall perform *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,—not, however, in the outdoor theatre; the temperature will probably be a little too low for that. Our leading lady has so much temper—I beg your pardon, I meant to say temperament—that the actors might be able to weather the frigidity; but I doubt if the audience could.

14. Down beside the brook, where a little waterfall pours over a great rock, lay a small boy poring over an old book. He had been sent to find track of the cow, which had wandered far in a great tract of woodland; but the existence of the cow, and of his angry father, and the crying baby waiting for its supper had been forgotten in a story of Arabs on the desert.

15. The chairman knew nothing of parliamentary practice, and was soon hopelessly tangled in a mass of red tape from which finally some one of the members released him. The chairman was not particularly grateful for this humane act, as he was offended, like most human beings, at having to acknowledge that there was anything he did not know.

16. The disagreement of the members of the committee was undoubtedly due to the fact that there were no precedents to guide them in this unusually momentous decision. So the

radicals, who were more numerous than the conservatives, overthrew every obstacle in their outrageous attempt to get votes for their party. They finally seized the opportunity to lessen the taxes, without stopping to think where they would find the money to support the league, and this gave their enemies excellent political advantage over them.

17. "A woman can never learn to drive a car properly," said the pessimistic old man who lives next door to me. "She knows nothing about the separate parts of the machinery, and she doesn't possess the least atom of practical experience in caring for a car,—the only reliable preparation for skillful driving."

18. On Christmas morning a great surprise awaited the children. There was no tree in the dining room; the stockings, so religiously hung beside the fireplace, had all disappeared. But when Johnny opened the library door, there was a simultaneous shriek that could be heard a block or more, and each of the youngsters seized without ceremony the presents on a tree labelled with his own name. Such luxury! Their excitement knew no bounds. "They're certainly happy now," remarked their father with a pleasant smile, "but I am afraid I have set an exceedingly bad precedent."

19. The laboratory and the library were both filled with sophomores, the frightened freshman thought. It was the day for the freshman-sophomore rush, and he had difficulty in walking coolly across the reading room, as if it were not a cemetery full of clutching ghosts at midnight. As a matter of fact, every sophomore had better business than encouraging freshmen to sing songs on sorority verandas; the sophomores were all out looking for the forty juniors, who were celebrating their annual snake dance, a rite which they never omitted, and which they had always succeeded in keeping secret.

20. Lightning flashed, and rain fell; the thunder reverberated over the lake in a terrifying manner. Loneliness enveloped the small boy, who had run away from home to be a bandit. As he lay in his pup tent and buried his head deeper and deeper in the warm, sweet-smelling balsam twigs that formed his bed, he sincerely wished that he had stayed at home.

21. John explained to the office superintendent his inability to spell Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday correctly. He said that little things always bothered him more than big; he never had any trouble spelling any of the months except February. He was embarrassed when the superintendent abruptly announced that he had no use for meaningless excuses, and that there was a good dictionary on the desk.

22. Such terms as *simile, metaphor, rhyme, rhythm,* and *poetical diction* were quite unintelligible to him, and he didn't know a comma from a coma, but if you had asked him about parallel lines, alternating currents, Fahrenheit and centigrade thermometers, safety valves, or analytical geometry, he would have answered you with neatness and dispatch.

23. The huge old negress, moving majestically, like some goddess of ancient days, stepped with a sort of grandeur slowly down the street. About her head was wrapped a white handkerchief, which she wore like a royal crown. She carried a basket of groceries as lightly and daintily as if it had contained lilies and orchids instead of lettuce and onions.

24. The adviser suggested that the sophomore ought to study geology, English history, French, and economics. He was quite shocked when the student announced carelessly that he meant to make athletics his chief aim in college.

25. The lonely shepherd boy lay on his back in the meadow, gazing at the brilliantly blue autumn sky, across which occasionally a great fleecy white cloud sailed. In his adventurous imagination the clouds were ships, and he was a bold sea captain energetically pursuing a foe who was soon to be

compelled to surrender. Then finally, when the enemy had been taken prisoner, the hero returned home in triumph, carrying much booty. So vivid was the scene, so tremendous were the exertions of the imaginary hero that perspiration dripped from his brow as he lay in the cool shade of a great oak tree. He had no consciousness of the world around him until his dog, running up, leapt at him, barking excitedly. Then he saw that his dreaming had almost been disastrous, and he dashed hurriedly after his widely scattered sheep.

26. The accompaniment played by the young bachelor of pleasing appearance and abundant self-confidence was an affliction to the chorus and an annoyance to the audience. It made no difference whether the music was accelerated or retarded, the accompanist pounded heavily onward, without apparent knowledge of the existence of the singers.

27. Having learned easily to make salads and pies, she thought she was a born cook. But after her marriage, as she struggled to prepare her first complete meal, it was gradually borne in upon her that, to paraphrase the old rhyme, "salads and pies are not the chief of one's diet," and that a good cook needed training as well as instinct to help her.

28. The peculiar professor wrote a scarcely excusable pamphlet on the privilege of prejudice, which was immediately recognized as an incredibly cutting satire on the ignorance of a man formerly a member of the faculty.

29. Although only an amateur chemist, by accurate use of his apparatus and by careful and thorough work with the various cloths given him for analysis, Jones discovered that the supposedly guaranteed woolen and linen goods were undoubtedly chiefly cotton. Thus he saved the manufacturer a loss of ninety per cent on his original investment. For this great service his salary was immediately raised, and later he was made junior partner in the firm.

30. On the ninth day of the siege, the food supply having been exhausted on the eighth day, the besieged natives, men and women, had sunk to a depth of misery and despair hard to describe, and were wholly agreed to yield; but a casual visitor to the village, who had been entrapped with the natives, persuaded them that they would not actually perish if they fasted for two or three days, and that in the meantime relief might come.

31. It was perhaps lack of education which led the handsome young man in collegiate clothes to declare that the statue of an athlete of great stature, which he saw in the New Hampton Gallery, was "A fine, large statute." A lawyer—or perhaps it was a burglar—who overheard him remarked, "I see that you are not artistically inclined. It is quantity you want, not quality. There's a vast difference between a statue and a statute, I assure you."

32. Her loyalty to her own church, the Presbyterian, was great. She wished it to have precedence over others, in size as well as in spiritual qualities. Consequently she gave an exclamation of surprise and disappointment when the architect said that the height of the Presbyterian Church steeple was not as great as that of either the Baptist Church or the Episcopal.

33. The farmer raised the largest vegetables—especially pumpkins, tomatoes, potatoes, and radishes—ever seen at the county fair; but he was never able satisfactorily to rid his farm of mosquitoes, because he did not work systematically and was unwilling to sacrifice time and money for anything as insignificant as a mosquito.

34. The sergeant, the lieutenant, the captain, and the colonel had all been athletes in college, and great heroes on the field of battle; but all three were perilously near being drowned when the rudder and the propeller of the boat which was carrying the soldiers across the channel broke, and the

boat, being dashed against a submerged rock, sank with scarcely a moment's warning.

35. The traveler who has written, as a pastime, many a description of the foreign countries through which he has passed, generally discovers that the customs of different people are as dissimilar as their costumes. In his correspondence the writer describes at great length everything from chimneys to carriages, from veils to valleys. He develops a power of using adjectives so profusely that no silver-tongued orator could exceed him. His correspondents begin to wonder nervously whether he will always monotonously use three adjectives apiece for every noun he writes.

36. It was a grievous disappointment to discover that the agreeable and good-looking young niece of Mr. Atkinson gave no visible evidence of being more than ordinarily intelligent, having indeed been dropped from college in the preceding semester because she had not the industry requisite for success in her work. In fact, as Robert remarked, "she hadn't a soul much above millinery and marshmallows, and her conversation was as confused as a house on moving day."

37. When I was a small child, my guardian supplied me generously with such books as *A Child's Garden of Verse* and *Treasure Island,* by Robert Louis Stevenson; later he introduced me to *Miles Standish,* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and to some of the most easily understandable poems of William Wordsworth. In high school I delved into Eliot, Macaulay, and Thackeray. But it was not until I entered college that I accidentally made the acquaintance of two writers whose last names sound alike but are spelled differently: Edmund Spenser, the poet, and Herbert Spencer, the philosopher.

38. For the eighth or ninth time he earnestly begged her not to despair. It was certainly discouraging, he said, to be cast away on a desert isle in a great fog, but he would devise

some means of calling assistance and would surely find some species of edible food, as satisfactory as most that one finds in a restaurant. There would probably be no dessert, he warned her. Cheered by his humor, she dried her tears and said she would expect quantities of alligator pears and peacock's eyes. Quitting her for a time, he began scraping about in the sand and exploring carefully the scant shubbery which they had stumbled against as they made their way ashore. When he returned, he laughed as he placed in her lap a handful of tame raspberries and a child's toy engine. "Not so decidedly deserted as we thought," he remarked. "I'm going to scout for the house now." And he went groping off again through the dark.

Sentences Illustrating the Correct Use of Words Often Misused

They all *accepted* the invitation *except* Jane.

I *advise* you to refrain from giving *advice.*

The leader of the gang sent his *allies* down the *alleys* looking for treasure in the shape of old iron and cast-off clothing.

Johnson had *already* been telephoned to; he knew that the boys were *all ready* to go.

Your ideas may be *all right,* but your grammar is all wrong.

We were *all together* on the dock when we heard that the story of the loss of the boat was *altogether* false.

I shall *always* believe that you are in *all ways* right.

In an *angle* of the cathedral wall was carved an *angel* with outspread wings.

The summer *boarders* in their bright attire sat in rows around the great oak tree, like the gay-colored *border* of a flower-bed.

Breathe deeply; draw in your *breath* as if you were going to blow out a gigantic candle a mile away.

We had a *capital* time visiting the State *Capitol.*

"Every man in this *corps* will be a *corpse* before morning if this firing keeps up," remarked the facetious soldier.

The *council* decided to ask *counsel* of an attorney before proceeding farther.

It was the *custom* of Lady Andrews to give a *costume* ball at her country place every New Year's Eve.

Her *deceased* husband had been a victim of an unknown *disease.*

Professor Jacobson's children are a fright; he *doesn't* care what they do, and they *don't* care either.

On *account* of carelessness in making out reports, he lost

his first position; his second dismissal was *due to* laziness.

The change which he *effected* did not *affect* us.

Finally, after months of toil, she finished a *finely*-embroidered altar cloth.

He *formally* inquired, bowing ceremoniously, whether she had *formerly* lived in Virginia.

They set *forth* early in May, travelling in a covered wagon; they arrived at their destination on the *fourth* of December.

On very slight evidence *hangs* the question of whether he shall be *hanged.*

"Are you going *home?*" "Yes. But I shall not be *at home* more than five minutes."

Go *into* the meadow, and *in* an old tin box buried under the big oak tree you will find the treasure.

The pickpocket *ingeniously* robbed an *ingenuous* young woman.

I do not like *that kind* of book; it is too satirical. *The kinds* which suit me are romances and tales of adventure.

It was during the *latter* part of July—or perhaps even a little *later*—that we made our canoe trip down the Mississippi River.

Lie down, my child, and *lay* your head on this pillow.

The cat *lay* a long time this morning on the cushion which you *laid* in the window for him.

He *has lain* many a long summer afternoon under the tree where now they *have laid* his body to rest.

He *led* the mob as a wolf *leads* a pack of wolves.

Let me *leave* the door open for at least half an hour; then I will close it.

There have been *fewer* accidents than last year; *less* money has been spent for accident insurance, also.

It looks *as if* the young poet who lives in our neighborhood would be *like* the old man who sold green cheese: he will never be able to get his supply from the moon.

It is not *likely* that Tompkins will be held *liable* for damages.

The tire is *loose;* he may *lose* it.

As *most* of our set has gone to the lakes for the summer, it is *almost* impossible to find any one interesting in town.

Most of the members of the committee did not know *one another* very well; there were two, however, who had known *each other* for more than twenty-five years.

We had a good deal of fun with her about the "strange *party*" she had seen walking down the street. We said there had been only one *party* that afternoon,—Mrs. Walker's, and hers was only the usual bridge, and it certainly did not walk down the street.

He dejectedly *passed* the house which so many times in the *past* he had entered in high spirits.

His father wrote "ten dollars *a day*"; his grandfather had written "ten dollars *per diem*"; neither of them had used the hybrid term, "per day," half Latin and half English, which the boy thought was businesslike phrasing.

He *planed* the board which he *planned* to use for the top of the table.

It was *plain* to all the village that Mrs. Cartwright considered that she dwelt on a higher *plane* than her neighbors.

Santa Claus's *presence* was necessary, we thought, in order to distribute the *presents* with due formality.

The *principal* reason why our new high school *principal* is not liked by the North Side politicians is that he believes in the *principles* of honesty and fair-mindedness.

He *proceeded* to ask Elizabeth to *precede* him up the dark stairway, an act which she could never forgive.

I was indeed the person who first *proposed* our going to South Africa; but I did not *purpose* to go as soon as this.

It is *quite* a long time since I have had a *quiet* evening at home.

I was *brought up*—perhaps it would sound more literary to say *reared*—on the farm where the first alfalfa was *raised* for fertilizing purposes.

The community is in *real* need of a person who can *really* do the work well.

To be *respectful* to a *respectable* old person is a duty which we owe to our *respective* grandfathers,—yours and mine.

Rise, you lazy boy, and *raise* the window as high as you can.

With great deference he *had risen,* and *had raised* his hat as he offered the little old woman his seat.

He *rose* early and looked proudly out the window at the grain which he was raising.

With a timid glance at his hostess, John *sat* down and *set* his cup of tea on the table beside him.

It was the habit of Big Tim to *sit* down at the table and grumble before his poor little wife had had time to *set* a single dish on it.

Our *high school* and *grade school* life is very different from our *college* or *university* life.

"Go slow," read the sign on the post. And we did. We *crawled* along as *slowly* as the Ford would go, for I was an inexperienced driver.

The manager of the hotel found seventeen *suits* of clothes in the magnificent *suite* which had been occupied for a week by an equally magnificent crook.

There! I told you the Whites would find *their* lost car all right. *There's* no doubt that Mr. White himself left it down *there* by the river, and then forgot about it. *They're* always being upset for nothing at all.

Teach me, that I may *learn* to do right.

More *than* a dozen men *then* stepped forward, volunteering to help rescue the passengers from the fast-sinking ship.

It is *too* much *to* ask *two* of us at once.

We tried *to gather* the children all *together* on the beach.

"Where have you been? *Were* you at the beach? *We're* going there soon. Come along with us."

It is doubtful *whether* the *weather* will change in time for us to go sailing.

I *wonder* where the twins have *wandered* to this time.

There was only *one woman* at the meeting; yet there are *twelve women* members.

Whose turn is it? *Who's* going to get the groceries?

"*Your* sewing shows that *you're* a neat and tidy person," said the grandmother to the little girl. "Here's a peppermint for you."

Sketches Emphasizing Certain Matters of Spelling and Grammar

I

(lead, led; choose, chose; loose, lose)

ROBINSON

Yesterday we saw him as he led his old white horse across the meadow; today we saw him lead the cow along the same path. Probably tomorrow he will choose a new dwelling place,—this queer old tramp who says he would rather be absolutely foot-loose than own a million dollars and be tied to his property. Last year, when he came "up North," as he calls Minnesota, from "down South," as he calls Missouri, he chose our farthest meadow for his home. One morning he came to the kitchen door and informed my mother in an offhand way that he thought he would just settle down in that clump of big oaks near the brook, if she didn't mind. He'd be there any time she wanted him, he said. We had heard of him, though we had never seen him—we've been here only two years, you know—and so Mother told him he might stay. He's such an engaging old chap, I think she wouldn't have had the heart to refuse him if she had never heard of him before. Very nice and clean and patriarchal-looking, he is.

Nobody dreamed that he would be of any use. But when we began threshing, he appeared early the first day, and fell to with a will. He knew just what to do, took his turn at whatever was needed, didn't lose a minute's time, except when

he ate his dinner—probably the first civilized cooking he had eaten for many a day. At night he went home to his little dwelling, half tent, half shack, so tired he could scarcely walk. We should not have been surprised if we hadn't seen him after the first day. But he returned every day during the harvest, worked hard, and steadily refused wages. He said he was paying his rent. Father called him the cheapest farm labor he had ever hired. We all hoped that he would come again this year, he was so interesting. But people hereabouts say he's like lightning,—never strikes his tent twice in the same place! He seems to crave variety more than those wrens that have come back to your barn year after year. He's a queer chap. I wonder where he is going to settle down this year.

E. R. G., sec. 457–62

II

FALSE ALARM

(*sit, set; lie, lay*)

We were sitting under a tree down near the gate, some distance from the house, which, set on a little knoll, seemed very far away on a hot afternoon. So, when I decided to go to the village post office for the mail, Horace told me to lay my precious first edition of *The Faerie Queene* on the ground beside him, instead of taking it back to the house. He said he would guard the priceless thing like an ogre of old. But when I returned, I found that the guardian of my book had lain down on the grass for a nap, and that the book was not visible. I looked to see if perhaps he had absent-mindedly laid the precious volume under his head for a pillow, but it was not there.

I shook him by the shoulder.

"Get up," I said. "Don't lie there doing nothing. *The Faerie Queene* has disappeared."

"Must've gone back to fairyland," he mumbled, dozing off as he spoke.

I shook him again. This time he sat up and looked into the tree, as if the book might have risen and perched on a limb above him.

"Queer," he said. "I laid her right beside my head. She was lying there when I went to sleep." He moved his hand around in the deep grass. It struck something that rolled. Gleefully he lifted his hand, with a tall empty glass in it. Then he sank back contentedly, while I glared at him, lying there so unconcerned.

"Look in the house," he murmured drowsily. "Perhaps I laid it on the kitchen table when I went to get some lemonade."

E. R. G., sec. 457–62

III

THE COMMUNITY HOSPITAL

(*may, can; will, shall; lie, lay*)

It must be well understood that the new hospital cannot succeed without the aid of every one in the community. A few wealthy and public-spirited citizens will contribute large sums to this new project; but it lies with the small contributor to do what he can, if we are to succeed. To the timid-hearted it may seem difficult—almost impossible—to lay, without the help of some great philanthropist, the foundations of this building, and to raise it to completion. But we can; we will. It shall never be said of us that we have shrunk back from any undertaking that has lain within our power. The committee has already shown by statistics that if each family were to contribute only ten dollars each year, the institution could easily be put on a sound financial basis, and kept on one. There may be some families which can-

not afford even this amount, but most of us can afford to give more. We took great pride in building our library; we have taken great pride in the idea of a municipal hospital. Let us begin the hospital as we began the library, and let us carry to an equally successful conclusion this second great community enterprise.

E. R. G., sec. 168–71, 444–56, 462

IV

SAVAGES

(*Its, it's; don't, doesn't; cant, can't; wont, won't; there, their, they're; then, than*)

"It's a pity we can't all act like savages when we want to," said Patterson, a twinkle in his eye.

"Savages?" exclaimed Arnold, who considered himself pessimistic and radical, and very much a Bolshevist. "Savages? We are savages. Look at men in a street car—and women, too. You don't have to go farther than that to find that all humanity's savage. There's your example."

"But," Patterson interrupted, "not everybody acts like a savage all the time. I've seen polite people in a street car. They're not unknown.—I've even been polite there myself," he added with a grin.

"Huh! That proves nothin'. I'm talkin' about humanity in general,—that's what I'm talkin' about. I'm not sayin' everybody's that-a-way." Arnold always dropped his "g's" when he became excited, and slipped, too, into some of the phrasing of the old negress who had been his childhood nurse. He paused for breath; then, before Patterson could get a word in edgewise, he went on.

"This notion that the world's growin' better is too thin. It's all cant—all cant." He slumped down in his chair and puffed furiously at the corncob pipe that he was wont to smoke on fishing trips.

Patterson laughed.

"Well," he said, "suppose we don't all measure up to a saint-like standard. What about it? There's a lot to be said for savagery. Gives people a chance to exercise their magnanimity, for one thing, doesn't it?"

"That ridiculous argument won't get us anywhere." Arnold's tone was positively savage.

Patterson refused to be disturbed.

"The best thing about the savage state," he drawled, "is its honesty, its naïveté."

"Honesty! Naïveté! Noth-ing do-ing." His "g's" had returned suddenly, with a resonance surprising even in his energetic speech. "Their taboos—what of them? They're nothing but self-deception. There's nothing they do that is honest, except stick a spear into the back of an unsuspecting enemy."

He knocked out his half-smoked pipe; for a moment watched the dry leaves near the ash begin to glow; then jumped up and ground the sparks under his heel.

"Let's go fishing," he growled.

A little later, shoulder to shoulder, the two men strode amicably down the path to the dock, dropped into their canoe, and paddled contentedly away toward their favorite pike hole.

V

JUST FOR EXCITEMENT

(*possessives, contractions, conversation*)

"I don't believe that I can drive," Mr. Porter exclaimed, feeling gingerly of his right wrist, to discover whether any bones were broken.

His wife sighed helplessly. "If only you had let me learn," she said. "But on a road like this—" She gazed

about her, and then drew her husband's attention to a timid-looking man who had jumped out of an old Ford roadster and was approaching them.

"I saw you take that header," the newcomer remarked. "'Tain't very easy trying to pick wild flowers along these 'ere bluffs." He looked a bit reprovingly at Mrs. Porter as the probable source of the trouble, women and children being the only creatures who would set men picking flowers.

"My husband's a botanist." Mrs. Porter shifted the blame to her husband,—where it belonged.

Meanwhile Mr. Porter had been looking speculatively at the stranger.

"You don't know how to drive a Cadillac, do you?" he inquired.

Before the little man could reply, a harsh voice issued from the car across the road, and the head of a woman was visible above the wheel.

"Drive a Cadillac?" shouted the voice. "No. He doesn't know how to drive a Ford. And furthermore, we don't want to stop any longer. We've got to get home. Come along back, Pete."

The head withdrew into the depths of the car. There was the buzzing of a starter.

"Here. Let's see what I can do," said the little man, disregarding his wife's remarks, and evidently not at all disturbed by the noise of the starter.

Then he scrambled into the car, and ran a caressing hand over the wheel, the gear-shift, the automatic wind-shield wiper, and various expensive accoutrements of the car.

"We don't get along very well together, my wife and I," he murmured as he pretended to try the gears. "But she doesn't know"—he added with a smile—"how much I enjoy it. That's why I'm over here—seeing I can't help you. Sorry I can't, sir. Getting her mad, I am. Only excitement I have, exceptin' occasionally something like this."

There was a peremptory "Peter!" from across the road.

And this time the starter buzzed, the clutch grated, and the old roadster moved forward a foot or two.

The little man continued hurriedly,

"My only excitement. Husbands and wives don't know what they're missing—indeed they don't—when they can't have a nice lively row once in a while. That's the only thing I regret,—she likes 'em, too." The twinkle in his eyes belied the selfishness of his desire for a monopoly of the fun of quarrelling.

There was a violent squawk from the Ford, which now moved forward slowly and steadily.

"Yes, Charity. (Ain't that a name for her?) I'm a-comin'. I guess I can't help you, sir.—Yes. I said I was comin'. Can't you hear me?"

He scrambled out of the car, bade the Porters a hasty good-bye, and dashed down the road.

"I'll send a garage man back for you at the next town," he called over his shoulder.

And the Porters, Mr. Porter making his arm as comfortable as he could with his wife's assistance, settled back to await the coming of relief,—while they smiled at the sounds of debate which rose above the rattle of the fast-disappearing Ford roadster.

E. R. G., sec. 12–16

VI

VENERABLE ROMANCE

(*alumnæ, alumni; spelling, hyphening, etc.*)

The alumnæ of the class of 1880 at the old-fashioned Ladies' Seminary of Goliath, Mississippi, appointed an alumna as delegate to the convention of representative graduates from Southern colleges, to be held on June 12, 1920. At the same time an alumnus from the Young Gentlemen's

College, also in Goliath, was appointed by the alumni of 1875 as a delegate to the same convention. When Mary Smith, the alumnæ representative, met Thomas Kemper, the alumni representative, and when they renewed old acquaintance, fell in love, became engaged, and then married, the alumnæ of the Ladies' Seminary were greatly thrilled. It was the most exciting thing that had happened to them since Betty Perkins had eloped with the riding master in 1878.

E. R. G., sec. 324–5

SECTION III

NARRATIVE AND EXPOSITORY SKETCHES

INCLUDING ILLUSTRATIONS OF PARAGRAPHING, INDENTION; PUNCTUATION AND PARAGRAPHING OF CONVERSATION; LINES OF VERSE, FOOTNOTES, ETC.

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite:
Fool, said my Muse to me, *look in thy heart and write.*

Sir Philip Sidney's words
in the first sonnet of
Astrophel and Stella

Oh, Doctor![1]

If some one in your family suddenly becomes ill, you go to the telephone and call the doctor. The doctor gets into his motor car, is at your house in a few minutes, prescribes for the patient, and departs. You probably then go to the corner drug store, where the prescription is filled by a graduate pharmacist. The doctor and the pharmacist are both thoroughly trained. They know their business, and you have rightly a complete confidence in their ability.

What a far cry it is, back to the days when there were few doctors, and those only by courtesy. Drug stores did not exist, all drugs being compounded by the quasi-physician, or by any one possessing a "doctor book" such as I now have before me. This particular book was published at Exeter, Massachusetts, in 1828, and is entitled "The New England Farrier and Family Physician." It contains, to quote the title page, "not only an excellent collection of brutal receipts, but also a very valuable collection of receipts for human diseases." An advertisement in the front states that "over eight thousand copies have been sold in the last four months." The book seems to have been quite a best seller of that period.

The prescriptions were written by several men, among whom there is one famous Dr. Crowell, of whom the editor of the volume says, "It appears that the Almighty made him a physician." No long and expensive medical training, no tiresome period of internship for him,—just born that way. Another of these doctors acquired his learning by living for two years with the Indians, where he endured all the hor-

[1] Student's theme, as are all others in this section.

rors incident to savage life. That he brought back with him some of the savage methods is attested by the prescriptions in this collection.

Among the herbs mentioned as components of the various prescriptions appear such romantic-sounding names as dragon's-blood, Indian dream, snake root, poison hemlock, rose leaves, blue violets, wild lavender, heartsease, honeysuckle blossoms, witch-wood bark, and wild celandine.[2] To offset these are various surprising ingredients such as steel filings, quicksilver, rusty iron, angleworms, green frogs, blue vitriol, snails, and the bones of an old horse.

What an heroic people they must have been to endure the medical treatment of that period. Yet among the survivors of the publication and application of these receipts, we find such men as John Quincy Adams, Henry David Thoreau, Daniel Webster, Walt Whitman, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Brigham Young. One cannot help wondering whether the purchasers of the books really applied the remedies, or whether, possibly, those eight thousand volumes in their real leather and gilt bindings, simply adorned eight thousand center tables, crying forth the erudition of the household.

Wild Organs I Have Known

The first occasion of my playing in public was an entertainment given at the Baptist Church for new students in the university. Different parts of the church building were arranged to represent various foreign countries. I was selected to carry on "Vespers at Milan." Never shall I forget that terrible organ. I cannot imagine what type of human anatomy it was invented for. The *tremulant*—that important device for creating soulful effects—was operated by a foot-lever, located far off on the left side. In order to reach it,

[2] The hyphening is that of the doctor book, not of a modern dictionary.

it was necessary for me to take a violent slide to the left,—after which I would slide quickly to the right side of the bench, in order to reach the swell pedal, which, as I remember it, was high up and about a foot to the right of the console. This all required considerable agility, but I managed fairly well, taking into consideration the fact that I was pretty scared. I played my program over and over in a most industrious manner for each new group conducted in to hear "Vespers at Milan." I began my labors at eight o'clock, and it was after eleven when the last group left. Some well-intentioned gentleman came then to take me downstairs for refreshments. But, alas, while I was wrecking my constitution and my nerves upstairs, others had eaten all the food!

My first experience as a professional organist was an almost sadder affair. I was organist of a girls' school in the South. The organ in the college was a huge and imposing-looking instrument. Its large array of stops gave an impression which was soon belied upon one's hearing the instrument. This being my first experience as a performer at a faculty concert, I elected to play something big; so I made my *début* with the Mendelssohn *C Minor Sonata.* I finished the beautiful adagio, ending on the softest stop, the *vox celeste,* with the *tremulant* of course. Then I threw on the whole works and prepared to astound the natives with my virtuosity in the allegro movement. I have always felt sure that Providence was with me that evening. The organ was so stiff in action that, frightened as I was, I should never have been able to play the allegro movement, I am quite positive. Anyway, just as I stepped on all the composition pedals, preparatory to this extreme effort, the sixteen-foot double open diapason pedal began to cypher. The result was terrifying. I jerked this stop and that. My heart almost ceased to function. There was nothing to do but to turn off the motor and beat a hasty retreat.

What Culture Means to Me

In reading the two articles on culture [1] I had a feeling that both were written with extreme prejudice. The pens of both writers were so dripping with scorn that they were unable to form a just estimate of culture. In explaining what culture means to me personally, I feel that I can bring out my own opinions best by a sort of comparison of the two essays, and by telling what seem to me the weak spots in each.

Mrs. Gerould's essay deals mainly with the four causes which she feels are making for the extirpation of culture. These causes are the democratic fallacy, the influx of a racially inferior population, materialism, and the idolatry of science. She says that it is impossible to consider all men as created free and equal, this being a condition only possible in pioneer days. Cultured people are necessarily on an intellectual plane above those who have not been able to get—or, more lamentable still—have not desired, culture. Her second point, the influx of a racially and socially inferior population, seems to me to be dealt with in a rather narrow-minded fashion. Of course it is true that in some sections of our country the schools are being rather "swamped" with foreigners. Surely, though, if we allow them to enter this country, we owe them something. None of them are finding this the golden land of their dreams. We deride their old-established customs; we ridicule their old ballads and folk songs, and substitute for them cheap dance halls, jazz, and popular ditties such as "Yes, we have no bananas." Surely we are taking more than we are giving, and I feel that this has no part in the scheme of culture. Mrs. Gerould's third point is materialism,—certainly strongly

[1] Katherine Fullerton Gerould, "The Extirpation of Culture," and John Dewey, "American Education and Culture," reprinted in *Essays toward Truth,* ed. by Robinson, Pressey, and McCallum. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1924.

fixed among us. She deplores it and yet admits that culture cannot exist where one's constant thought must be for food and raiment. Certainly this is true. As to the extent to which science is going to crowd out culture, I feel that Mrs. Gerould is rather an extremist.

Mr. Dewey in his essay on *Education and Culture* goes to quite the other extreme. He says that we misjudge the educators when we say that they do not care for culture. He says that they are being driven by irresistible economic and political forces toward the industrial and vocational, while they really desire the cultural. This is certainly true of a great number of educators but does not include many of the type of fledglings turned out annually by some schools.

I feel that there must be a happy medium between these two views. Culture may perhaps tend toward snobbishness. Mrs. Gerould says it creates a mighty humility and a mighty scorn. I feel that it must include a mighty broadmindedness, and an all-encompassing understanding of our fellow beings. It must include intellectual accomplishment, but certainly should not include scorn for those who have not been able to see the light, because they have lived in dark tenements and alleys. Mr. Dewey's statement that we have no culture built on science and industry forgets the fact that if we had no culture, we should be rank barbarians, and hence not at a stage where we should be considering culture.[2]

Context and Environment

Often persons who wish to back up fallacious statements will quote part of a passage from the Bible. It may be the words of Christ, of one of the disciples, or of one of the prophets. Any one who is unfamiliar with the Bible, or with the passage in its entirety, may be influenced by the quotation. As an example of this, suppose I make the statement that Jesus was an unfriendly and inhospitable person. In

[2] An impromptu theme. Does it sound as if the writer had time to finish it?

order to prove my statement, I quote his words from the eleventh chapter of Saint Luke: "Trouble me not: the door is now shut . . . I cannot rise and give thee." That he was describing a hypothetical case of one friend going to another, asking for bread, and being refused, might not be realized by the listener. This example may seem to be extreme, but it is not much more exaggerated than are some of the quotations which unscrupulous newspaper writers and politicians select from the writings and speeches of those for whose downfall they are working.

Webster defines *context* as "The part or parts of a discourse that precede, follow, or are intimately associated with, any particular passage or word and determine its meaning." In the passage which I quoted above, the words do not even constitute a half truth. They create an entirely wrong impression, one quite unjust to the speaker. The case may be reversed so that one who has spoken against a cause may be quoted as having spoken for it, his words being robbed of their context.

How like to context is *environment*,—the conditions, influences, or forces which surround us. How lost we sometimes are when chance casts our lot with new people, new customs, and different ideals. Let us suppose, for instance, that a university professor, a man of great learning, high ideals, and quiet manner, a person of importance in his community, were to be suddenly transported to an entirely different environment. We will suppose this particular man to have developed his mentality at the expense of his physical vigor. The fact that he is not very stalwart has heretofore concerned him not at all. He is now placed among a lawless and uneducated people. Right is no longer might. It is now the devil take the hindmost. Our friend the professor, you remember, has much erudition but little strength. His high ideals include such qualities as virtue, honesty, and the acquisition of knowledge. He now finds himself among people whose ideals are quite opposed to his. Naturally, he is not a person of importance in this community. The person

whom his neighbors adjudge to be of great importance is the one who can steal or commit murder and get away without being detected. Of course, he would not wish to adapt himself to his environment, and consequently remains a marked character. In his previous environment he was known and respected for his mental attainments and for his integrity. Now he is set apart by his lack of virility; he is ridiculed for his honesty, and called a coward because of his virtue.

Environment may work in various ways. Suppose a child of a timid nature is brought up in a family where the other children are extremely self-confident. Their self-confidence increases his timidity, until he develops an inferiority complex. His opinion is never asked; he is never consulted about plans. He feels unimportant; he is unimportant. Then something happens so that he is placed in a different environment. Not realizing how unimportant he is, his new friends ask for his advice, and consult his judgment about their affairs, until gradually his self-confidence is built up, and out of a shy, shrinking fellow a person of character is evolved.

These two words, *context* and *environment*, the one dealing with the relation of words to their surroundings, and the other with the relation of people to theirs, seem to me to have much in common. As words robbed of their context are often lies, so people deprived of their proper environment cannot live true lives, for they cannot develop to the fullest the capacities with which they are endowed. Context and environment—what an importance they assume when we realize that they can make or mar the course of lives. In this one thing they differ,—words should never be taken from their context, but people are sometimes better if removed from the environment in which they have been placed.

In Defense of Trekkers

The old proverb which tells us that a rolling stone gathers no moss is certainly true when considered literally. Proverbs,

however, are never to be taken literally. The rolling stone, then, signifies a person afflicted with *wanderlust*. He may wander from one job to another; or he may drift from one part of the country to another; generally he does both. Now as to moss, it probably means the material things of life; and, since they may all be purchased with money, this deplorable lack of moss means that the wanderer has not remained in one place long enough to amass a fortune.

Let us consider his case. We will suppose that he is possessed of a "good loose trade." He is able to pull up stakes at any moment if he finds himself becoming bored with his environment. His foot-loose occupation takes him to many ports; he sees new countries; he makes new friends; he absorbs new ideas. He learns to adjust himself to life from many different angles, and consequently cannot help being broader minded than the stay-at-home. The latter remains snugly fitted into his little hole, warmly covered over with moss. The world pulses by his door, but he seldom ventures forth. If he does, his mossy blanket is always trailing behind him.

There is a question, too, whether the person who sticks to his job with a Horatio-Alger-like fidelity does always come out on top. Does he, by remaining faithful to his job *ad infinitum*, always progress by easy stages "from errand boy to millionaire?" This, it seems to me, is only the chance occurrence. It is true, of course, that dissatisfaction—which is, after all, only another name for ego—may drive us either backward or forward, depending on our capacities. Surely, though, it is the restless urge of discontent with what we are, with where we are, and with things as they are, that drives us toward progress and growth. Sometimes the trekking does not benefit us materially; but often through change latent talents and capabilities are brought out. We may find ourselves poorer financially, but richer mentally, and also socially in the broad sense. The man who remains within his small orbit, like a fixed star, may perhaps rise socially to the point where he marries his millionaire

employer's beautiful daughter; but he is very likely to miss the larger social opportunities accruing through contact with varying types of people. His friends are all cut after the same pattern.

We are all too hide-bound by convention and tradition. We are as shocked at the idea of changing our opinions as we are at the thought of appearing on the street in some wildly fantastic garb. What will people think! Down in our hearts we admire immensely those brave souls, the rolling stones, who adventure forth in quest of change. Fear of failure or lack of stamina holds us back. We have a roof over our heads; we have enough clothing; we are never hungry. Too often we look at it from a purely physical point of view. We are too easily content. We allow ourselves to become veritable mossbacks, those persons whom Webster defines as men so sluggish in their way of thought that they may be likened to stones or old trees covered with moss.

Generally we are thought to be insane if we leave a certainty and go forward into we know not what; but why should we be—in ideas, in methods, and in manners—as unchangeable as the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots? Simply because it is the easiest thing in the world to remain where chance has placed us. But, because the strait and narrow way may be fenced in so closely that remaining in it is no proof of worth; because there may be great adventures waiting for us outside; and because only a coward allows fear of failure to hold him back, let's all be rolling stones!

A Boarding-School Room

Space having been taken out on either side of the door for a large closet, the general shape of the room was that of a gigantic dustpan. As to the walls—there were four, and the best that can be said of them is that they were covered with plaster,—plaster in its natural unadorned state, as

free from coloring as the cheeks of a nun. The unvarnished woodwork was darkened with age; the rough pine floor bristled with splinters and reeked of disinfectant. On either side of the room there was a small grey metal cot bed, its blue and white striped mattress looking very thin and uncompromising. There was a battered study table; and there were two sagging chairs. A clumsy dresser masquerading as a screen half concealed the washbowl in the corner. Directly opposite the door were three large windows looking out upon a barren court, and beyond that to the opposite wing of the building, its windows fretfully reflecting the late afternoon sun. The two large closets gaped darkly; and a centipede slipped quickly across the floor to conceal himself under the radiator.

The Sphinx

I who have beheld the coming and going of generation after generation; I, the silent and unmoving, watch here in the desert. And for generation still after generation I shall crouch here, watching, watching, thinking, thinking. Men and their little philosophies pass; I, only, remain through all time. I am meditation, I am understanding; I am wisdom,—therefore eternal. For the material dies, but the spiritual never dies. Men may cast down monuments, volcanoes may bury cities, armies may destroy vast empires; but the creations of the mind and soul endure forever. So, in the vast and silent desert, where room is for thought, I crouch, and watch the material world. Some day men will come and destroy this, my outward semblance. Then will they cry, "The Sphinx is dead!" But they will not speak truth. For, though they scatter to the far ends of the earth the stones of which men vainly imagine me to be made; though they use me to build the walls of their warehouses, and to erect prisons, or to lay the foundations of their brothels,—yet I, the real I, shall still remain, unseen, unmoving, silent. The spectator of their little material doings, I shall

know what they may never know: that the monuments and armies and cities created by man are as naught compared with the glory of a great poem, or a great deed, or a great soul.

The Listeners

In Walter de la Mare's collection of poetry called *The Listeners,*[1] there is not very much of the fanciful and fairy-like element which strongly characterized his *Peacock Pie* and *Poems of Childhood.*

The title poem, *The Listeners,* may perhaps be said to set the general tone of the book: the deserted house; the lonely traveller; the moonlight; and above all, the listeners. De la Mare has a fondness for empty houses echoing with ghostly steps; he builds himself in dreams "a dark château."

> In dreams a dark château
> Stands ever open to me,
> In far ravines dream-waters flow,
> Descending soundlessly.

In *Alone* we have

> a lone house filled
> With the cricket's call.

In *The Dwelling Place* there is the lonely house called "Alas." And always there are imaginary voices, the "faint reiterated call" of those who come no more, voices crying vaguely from the hiding place of memory, "music unheard," and "a host of phantom listeners." In *Winter Dusk* the shade—"less than a shadow"—stands listening intently to the story which the mother is reading to her children.

> Nor dreamed she as she read to two,
> 'Twas surely three who heard.

[1] *Collected Poems,* Vol. I, Henry Holt and Company. 1920.

There is an ethereal quality in de la Mare's poetry. One feels the intensity of his imagination, and his unusual capacity for seeing the romance in ordinary things. Personally, I have the feeling that he really believes in fairies, witches, dwarfs, and especially in ghosts.

Most of the nature sketches in this volume are concerned with winter. The whiteness and glitter of snow and ice seem to have a peculiar fascination for him. In the poem called *Winter* he speaks of

> fields in leagues of beauty spread
> Unearthly white.

In the poem, *There Blooms No Bud in May,* there is a vivid picture of the beauty of snowy fields. The scarecrow in telling his story of the seasons says,

> At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
> I flame with glittering rime.

De la Mare has a fondness for writing about sleep and dreams. *Nod* is an especially musical lullaby. There is so restful a quality in both words and rhythm that at the last stanza,

> His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
> The waters of no-more-pain,
> His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
> Rest, rest, and rest again,

one is scarcely conscious of the words, but only of the music.

Many of the poems deal, more or less indirectly, with death, never in a sordid way, but always with an unusual delicacy of touch. In *The Sleeper,* little Ann, gently pushing open the door, sees her mother fast asleep in a chair.

Yet slumber lay so deep
Even her hands upon her lap
Seemed saturate with sleep.
And as Ann peeped, a cloudlike dread
Stole over her, and then,
On stealthy mouselike feet she trod
And tiptoed out again.

Most of us in looking at a person sleeping profoundly, and yet so quietly that the breathing is almost imperceptible, have felt this unnamed dread. Death and sleep seem so much alike—we hesitate to try waking the sleeper; we are afraid; we stand on the sill between doubt and fear,—and then end by tiptoeing quietly away, like little Ann.

There are five colorful character sketches: *Old Susan, Old Ben, Miss Loo, The Tailor, Martha,* and *Rachel.* In *Old Susan* there is a delightful picture of a romantic old woman reading by the light of a candle. Completely lost in the thrills of her book, she suddenly becomes conscious that some one else is in the room, and her thoughts are momentarily jarred back into reality. One can easily imagine her startled expression as she jerks out—

You! I thought you was in bed!

Those of us who enjoy poetry for the sheer beauty of its rhythm, the musical quality of its words, and the exquisite delicacy of its phrasing, can find real joy in the poetry of Walter de la Mare. Those who feel that nothing is worth reading unless it teaches us a lesson, will surely not be satisfied with this poetry. Neither will those who find pleasure only in the bizarre and unusual. Through all of his poetry—whether he writes of death, of sleep, of lonely houses, or of fairies, ghosts, and witches—de la Mare holds himself true to one ideal—beauty; and that is never lacking.

Une Nuit Blanche[1]

I crawl sleepily into bed at eleven-thirty, too tired even to wind my clock.

"Good night," says my sister, "pleasant dreams."

"Dreams," I murmur drowsily, "too—sleepy—t' dream."

My head strikes the pillow. For a few minutes my mind is quite blank. I drowse. Everything is quiet and peaceful. Then a queer, persistent noise dins itself into my consciousness. Blub, blub, blub. Sounds like coffee percolating. I sit up in bed, wondering hazily if night is over and it is breakfast time. Then I realize that the noise is in my room. It is the radiator, which, having been stone cold all day, is trying to make up for lost time. I get up and turn it off. The kitchen clock strikes. "One, two, three,"—I count off the strokes. "Thought I'd be asleep long before this—eleven, twelve, thirteen. It can't be. I must have lost count somehow. Reliable old clock; been in our family for years; never struck thirteen before. Surely I must have counted wrong." Yet I feel a bit nervous about it, too. I reflect how sometimes old people who have always lived perfectly upright lives suddenly kick over the traces—why might not our kitchen clock perform some radical stunt like this in its old age? I wonder vaguely if it is really thirteen o'clock. I roll over and turn on my light. My clock has stopped. I snap off the light and endeavor to relax. I try to remember that I don't have to hold the bed up; the bed is supposed to hold me. I begin counting sheep. Twelve chaste white sheep have passed safely through the gap in the wall, when along comes a black sheep. How disgusting! I hadn't counted on a black sheep. I begin over. "One, two, three,—what is that poem? Oh, yes.

> Slowly and sleepily move the sheep,
> Homeward bound from the meadows deep.
> Dusk is falling; the hour grows late

[1] A white night; i. e., a sleepless night.

As one after one, through the meadow gate,
One after one, to the warm sheepfold,
One after one, safe from the cold,
Slowly and sleepily move the sheep,
Homeward bound from the meadows deep.

And the shepherd—and the shepherd—and the—oh, the dickens! What does come next? Oh, I must go to sleep." I relax heavily, trying to imagine that I weigh three hundred pounds. The clock strikes one. Must have been my mistake after all. I just lost count of the strokes. I lie quietly for a half hour, trying to lull myself to sleep by reciting French verbs. I plow industriously through *être,* to be; *avoir,* to have; *aller,* to go; *faire,* to do; *mettre,* to put— Goodness gracious! I forgot to put the car into the yard, and the parking light isn't on! Well, there is probably a red ticket hanging on the wheel by now. I should worry.

Consequently I proceed to worry. I remember that it is the first of the year, and the insurance bill always comes around at that time. Larger every year, too. Why in thunder should the insurance rate go up as the car value goes down? That Ford is eating me out of house and home anyway: gas, new batteries, frozen radiators, casings, licenses, taxes, and insurance. Wish some one would steal the old thing.—What's that? Bang, whirr, whirr. Some one *is* stealing my Ford! I leap hastily out of bed and dash to the window. I see my car standing out in front, a lonely grey hulk, just distinguishable. It is some one across the street who is trying to start a car. I get back into bed. The clock strikes three. I begin to think of all my sins. . . . I read awhile. . . . The clock strikes four. In five hours I shall be in French class. I must try to get some sleep. I turn out the light. A bird twitters outside; a car dashes by with noisy abandon; the puppies in the next yard wake up and yap sleepily a few times; a gust of wind suddenly comes up, rattling the windows; a train whistle blows distantly. . . . Then I hear my sister's voice saying, "It's a quarter of

eight. You'd better get up, or you won't make your nine o'clock."

Notes on Modern Poetry

(*The Beginning of a Long Essay*)

'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.[1]

The question, "What is poetry?" has been answered in so many conflicting ways that in the end one is left in extreme doubt as to what mentally chemical processes a poet's work should be put through in order to determine its worth. Mr. Watts-Dunton says, "Definitions are for the most part alike unsatisfactory and treacherous; but definitions of poetry are proverbially so." [2] Just as we all have our own ideas of what Heaven should be like, so we run poems through our own private little machines for testing perfection, and, in accordance with our widely varying standards, we boldly set forth our dictums. So, one person having a testing machine of the Edgar A. Guest model runs through it all the poems in a large anthology of modern verse, and finds practically nothing that will pass the test; another tests everything by the Classicists; another finds perfection only in Romanticism. One writer divides modern poetry into the following schools: The Oriole School; The Enchantment Order; The Morning Dew, Perspiring Noon, and Evening Shadows assembly; and the Odious Smells and Idiots variety.[3] The more poetry I

[1] Byron. Dedication to *Don Juan* (speaking of Wordsworth's *Excursion.*)

[2] O'Neill, S. J., *Essays on English Poetry.* Quoted from *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

[3] Woodman, L. C., New York Post *Literary Review,* Aug. 23, 1924.

read, the more certain I feel that poetry is not a matter of running rhythms, sprung rhythms, dactyls, trochees, rising feet, falling feet, rocking feet, or any other mechanical device. There must be beauty; there must be feeling; and if possible there should be sense. Emily Dickinson said,

> If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know it is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know this is poetry. These are the only ways I know of.[4]

Browning, who sought the principal good in all things, including evil, felt that everything was a fit subject for poetry, —even tin cans and garbage; yet I cannot feel that he would have considered the following lines from Carl Sandburg's *Three Slants at New York* as poetry,

> New York is a city of many cats; they eat the swill of the poor and the swell swill; they rub their backs against fire escapes and weep to each other from alley barrels; they are born to the cat life of New York.[5]

What is the acid test to apply to a poem like that? As I read it, I thought, "I don't believe this is poetry; Mr. Sandburg probably didn't intend it as poetry, but only as fact." I looked at the index and found that it was listed as poetry. It is difficult to believe that one must be a poet to write lines like that. Why does he do it when he is capable of writing beautiful things? I don't doubt that the facts are correct; granted then that this is a true statement—can we, as we read it, agree with Keats that

[4] Quoted by John Gould Fletcher, Review of "Women and Poet," *Saturday Review of Literature,* August 30, 1924.

[5] Sandburg, Carl, *Vanity Fair,* July, 1924.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

I cannot help feeling that in these days we need to know many, many other things; and one thing that puzzles me the most is to know whether the modern poets are taking themselves seriously, or whether they are laughing up their sleeves at us. Perhaps the answer to some of my bewilderment is contained in Sherwood Anderson's lines,

Can a singer arise and sing in this smoke
and grime? Can he keep
his throat clear? Can his courage survive?

You see he makes no question of the courage of the auditors; but the trouble may be, as he suggests, just some kind of general throat affection.

The Gentle Art of Fainting

(*The Beginning of a Long Essay*)

In his preface to Jane Austen's *Love and Freindship*[1] G. K. Chesterton says that Miss Austen parodied the "swoon of sensibility," not because it was fact but because it was fiction.[2] Certainly the heroines of Miss Austen's later novels are not found swooning around on sofas. It is easily possible to imagine the fainting of Marianne of the delicate sensibilities; Lydia, too, might have been capable of staging a very tidy swoon,—either external or internal: on a sofa or by a brook, according to custom. However, I can well believe that ladies—I understand there were no women in

[1] Miss Austen's spelling, not mine.

[2] Austen, Jane, *Love and Freindship*. Preface by G. K. Chesterton, p. viii.

the higher classes—might actually have fainted frequently in real life: they laced tightly, ate too much heavy food, and lived in unventilated houses.

Whether or not it is true that fainting did form one of the most genteel and ladylike of the indoor recreations of that period, it is certainly true that no heroine of an eighteenth century novel was doing her duty by the public unless she fainted with the utmost frequency. I am always amazed that Sophia Western, in Fielding's *The History of Tom Jones,* faints so seldom. Altogether, I believe, she faints but three times in the course of 838 pages:

1. On beholding the fight: Blifil and Thwackum *versus* Jones and Squire Western: "For now a more melancholy and a more lovely object lay before them. This was no other than the charming Sophia herself, who, from the sight of blood, or from fear for her father, or for some other reason had fallen down in a swoon." [3]

2. On hearing her father as he bursts open the door "swearing and vowing the destruction of Jones": "And now the Squire having burst open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones; this was the tragical appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms." [4]

3. On being wrongly informed that Tom Jones has been killed: "Sophia having dealt three cards to one, and seven to another, and ten to a third, at last dropt the rest from her hand, and fell back from her chair." [5]

Henry Sings for His Supper

"Yes, I know, dear—it *was* a good deal to pay for a young boy's outfit; but oh, John! If you could only see him in it. He's adorable! Simply adorable! And, of course, it's doing

[3] Fielding, Henry, *The History of Tom Jones,* Vol. I, p. 200.
[4] *Ibid.,* Vol. I, p. 235.
[5] *Ibid.,* Vol. II, p. 250.

something for the church, and at the same time helping the poor boy. And oh, my dear! Such a voice! The choir was simply thrilled over him Wednesday night. He's going to sing *Angels Ever Bright and Fair,* Sunday." Here Mrs. Huntington eased herself down into an overstuffed chair with which she seemed to be completely in harmony.

"Well, Josephine, it's all right; it's all right. Of course it's all right," said her husband, jumping up from his chair and pacing back and forth, with his hands in his pockets. "But when I get the statement for my annual pledge to St. Martin's Church, I can't respond with a check for $72.35 enclosing a polite little note saying that I have deducted $27.65 which I paid for clothing for little Henry Jones, so that he might be fit to appear among the other little choir boys and sing his soulful little solos on Sundays."

. . . . . .

"Mrs. Huntington," chirped Mrs. Parsons, as she clumsily dealt out the cards, "you'll be interested in our new choir soloist."

"Yes?" Mrs. Huntington dragged the word out slowly from between her teeth. To herself she said, "Why on earth should Helen ask that frump in to play bridge? Play! Why she can't even deal." And she tipped her head on one side, looking brightly and expectantly at Mrs. Parsons.

"This young boy—he's only ten—came to Reverend Gibson's door nearly two weeks ago," continued Mrs. Parsons. "Oh, you have fourteen cards, Mrs. Clark? How stupid of me. Can't you just give me one? I only seem to have eleven— Oh, how love-ly! Mrs. Brown is going to sing now. Isn't that nice? We can finish our chat. Well, you remember that night it rained so? Well, this poor little lad came to Reverend Gibson's door and asked if he might sing in our choir. You know we have a *vested* choir now." Mrs. Parsons paused to let the full effect of this statement sink in.

"Yes," thought Mrs. Huntington as she joined in the gentle patter of applause that brought Mrs. Brown back for more

songs. "And they advertised that the boys would appear in their new uniforms Sunday. Sounds like a baseball team!"

"Of course," chattered on the sprightly voice of Mrs. Parsons, "in the Methodist Church we make a point of welcoming all strangers into our choir; so Reverend Gibson told him we'd certainly be glad to have him; but the poor little chap—his name is Henry Jones.—What's the matter, Mrs. Huntington?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," Mrs. Huntington gasped, dropping her handkerchief under the table and retrieving it with difficulty. "Go on. I'm awfully interested."

"Well, would you believe it! The poor little youngster had no overcoat, and, really, his teeth were chattering. We had to buy him a coat. He was so grateful. He said some one had given him a suit of clothes, but they didn't give him any overcoat. People are *so* thoughtless."

"Thoughtless!" choked Mrs. Huntington. Then collecting herself she said sweetly, "Does he sing well?"

"Oh, my dear! There wasn't a dry eye in the church, Sunday, when he finished singing *Angels Ever Bright and Fair.* And to think he learned it all by himself!"

This was really quite a blow for Mrs Huntington, who had labored long and hard to teach this song to Henry. She had a feeling though, a genuine instinct, that Henry must be a traveling man's son—a real chip off the old block. So it was with considerable amusement that, a few weeks later, she saw in the Saturday night paper a large advertisement reading,

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH
Reverend Thos. Brown, B.D., A.M., Pastor
COME ONE! COME ALL!
Special Music at the Vesper Service
by the Vested Choir
Henry Jones, Boy Soprano
will sing
"Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

"Hm-m," murmured Mrs. Huntington, "I'll bet there won't be a dry eye in the Methodist Church tomorrow when they think of that overcoat." Then, the slam of a door announcing the return of her husband, she thrust the paper quickly into the table drawer, and stood there rather consciously.

"Hello, Josephine," called Mr. Huntington as, unreproved, he tracked mud across the oriental rug, and put his wet gloves and hat on the piano. "Some downpour! Say, what do you think I heard? Well, you know that brat of a little Henry Jones that we laid out $27.65 on? Well, he's singing in the Unitarian Church now."

"Y-yes, John, I saw it in the paper tonight." Mrs. Huntington was meekly removing the wet gloves and hat from the piano.

"Dick Gordon told me they had to get him a bicycle because he lives so far out in the country." And Mr. Huntington looked at his wife with a slight twinkle in his eye.

"Well, John," said Mrs. Huntington stiffly. "I can only say that it's a fortunate thing for the Baptists that Henry Jones is too young to drive a car!"

at Noon Friday.

Barbara Comes Home

The nearer she came to the house the more slowly she walked, clumsily shifting her traveling bag from one benumbed hand to the other. The snow, which was shoveled back in huge walls on either side of the walk, gave her the feeling that she was being imprisoned. The intense glare of the sun on snow and ice seemed somehow to strengthen the bitterness of the cold. She turned in at the short walk that led up to the house. A narrow path had been gouged out down the centre; a menacing row of icicles hung from the porch roof; and a miniature Niagara of ice flowed down over the steps, sealing them inhospitably. She scrambled precariously over the ice, clutching at a pillar of the porch.

Was it the upper keyhole or the lower? Turning the key in the lock, she pushed the door open slowly and stepped into the small entry. The green and white tiles of its floor made her think of little blocks of snow and ice arranged in a conventional design. One more door and then—home.

She turned the door knob quickly and went in. There at the foot of the stairway hung the cuckoo clock—how dead it looked! The whip-poor-will stood in his doorway, his little mouth wide open, as if he too had felt the force of the blizzard, and had suddenly congealed, halfway through his song. The closed piano appeared strange and unfriendly in its huge green cover; and the bench was thick with dust. She walked hesitatingly into the next room. There was the fireplace, the happiest remembrance of them all. The four huge slabs of polished red granite that formed its mantel, hearth, and sides, had always seemed so jolly; they had such a delightful trick of catching the glow of the flames and tossing it about the room. The brown and white tiles always blinked so happily in the fire light; and the blackened old grate, despite its decrepitude, had always borne an important part in the sparkle and merriment around the hearth. There they all were. Four huge slabs of granite, and a row of staring tiles around a gloomy black cavern, a desolate hole in the wall.

She turned slowly around. There were the books which used to look so cheerful in their friendly open bookcases, stretching from floor to ceiling on all sides of the room. Even they seemed to have absorbed their share of the depressing chill. They looked formal and uncompanionable. From force of habit she glanced at the mantel clock. It, too, was dead!

Almost fiercely she tore off her wraps and threw them on the davenport. A moment later passers-by might have heard the jangling bell of the cuckoo clock, followed quickly by the whip-poor-will and the cuckoo as they lustily sang their way around the dial.

The Birthday Cake

Tommy was nine, and Ellen was five. They sat together on the grass, contemplating with joy Tommy's miscellaneous collection of birthday presents, from a beautiful new copy of *Æsop's Fables,* down to Ellen's own contribution, a jagged piece of amber glass which she had found in the garden, and which she firmly believed to be a precious stone. Through this treasure she now delightedly surveyed the landscape. In an entrancing yellow glow she beheld the pond, the garden wall, and finally Tommy himself. Then suddenly she turned her head and sniffed, her small nose wrinkling into a mere nothing on her dimpled face.

"Cookies?" she queried, breathlessly. "No. Cake! Cake! Birthday cake!" Her voice rose excitedly on the quiet air, and then sank into an ecstatic murmur. "*Your* birthday cake, Tommy." And before he could escape her, she had flung her arms around his neck and given him a resounding kiss.

Tommy jumped up and looked around to see if anybody had been witness to the shameful scene,—especially any of his chums. Seeing nobody, he subsided again on the grass, and entered into rapt contemplation of the birthday-cake idea.

"How big do you presume it is?" he asked, using with a certain top-loftiness a new word which he had heard his father use only that morning.

"Oh, *so* big." Ellen spread her chubby arms to their greatest extent.

"Hm—m. I doubt it"—another imitation of his father. "'Twouldn't go into the cake pan. The biggest pan we have is only about fifteen by eighteen, I presume. And you've measured about—hold your arms up again—about" (He cocked his head on one side, closed one eye, and squinted appraisingly through the other) "about a fifteen-by-thirty cake, I should say."

Ellen dropped her hands disappointedly in her lap, and

tears filled her eyes. An awful fear swept over her. Suppose there shouldn't be enough! She gasped. She could scarcely give words to her fear,—it seemed too dreadful. Would there be enough? She started to speak; then she stopped. Finally,

"Oh, Tommy," she whimpered, "what if there isn't enough to go around?"

Tommy was seized with a sudden fit of magnanimity. "Then I'll not take any," he said.

"Not take any? On your birthday? Oh, my! You'll have to. I'll give you mine." Her voice quivered a bit at the thought of the sacrifice. Then, "I'll give you mine," she repeated in a steady tone. "There won't be enough, with Bill and Tim—that's two; and Marguerite—that's three; and you and me and Mother—four, five, eight—" Her arithmetic, none too certain at any time, trailed off helplessly into silence. It could not stand the strain of counting their large family, recently augmented by the arrival of three cousins, the legacy of an impecunious second cousin of her father.

"Count 'em for me, Tommy," she begged.

"Nine," returned her brother promptly. He had taken up the bit of amber-colored glass and was inspecting with it the screened back porch of Grandma Thurston's house, trying with its able assistance to penetrate the mysteries going on inside. There were always interesting doings wherever you found Grandma Thurston,—grandma to all the neighborhood of small boys and girls.

"I do b'lieve she's making cake herself. P'raps that's where the cake smell comes from. No." He still retained the bit of glass in his hand. "I can't *see* really, I guess. But I think it's so. Sniff again, Ellen. Your smeller is better than mine," he added ingratiatingly, for a wonderful idea had just come to him, and he required the assistance of Ellen for its accomplishment.

Ellen sniffed loudly in the direction of Grandma Thurston's house; she turned her head and sniffed back toward

their own; she gave a few exploratory sniffs in other directions. The result confirmed Tommy's supposition: the smell most undeniably came from Grandma Thurston's house.

She announced her decision with a bit of a toss of her head, due to the pre-eminence given her by her "better smeller."

Tommy tentatively approached his scheme.

"If we had another cake, there'd be enough for two helpings for us all—angel food, perhaps," he added slyly, knowing his sister's greatest weakness.

Ellen looked up at him inquiringly. As she looked, light dawned upon her. She chuckled with delight. Then her brows darkened.

"But that would be asking for things," she said, remembering her mother's strict admonitions; "and *that* wouldn't be p'lite."

"Asking?" interrupted Tommy scornfully. "Who's asking? Just to say today's my birthday, and what is she going to do about it! What asking's that?"

"Well." Ellen was dubious. "I s'pose it wouldn't be really-truly begging. Yes. I guess you could do it—I guess—"

"*You* do it," urged Tommy. "You do it. She likes you particularly well. I heard her sayin' so to Father just the other day. She said, 'I like Ellen's"— He paused. Grandma Thurston's words had been "absolute honesty," words that seemed not to fit the present occasion. He changed to "lovely dimples," a phrase remembered from some gushing caller's remarks.

"You go. It would be p'liter, too," he continued hastily, seeing that Ellen appeared not greatly impressed by Grandma Thurston's supposed remark, though she was running a finger over her cheek, trying to find one of the admired dimples.

When he spoke of politeness, she glanced up.

"How?" she inquired.

"Why, you see it's like this here—like *this*, I mean. If *I* go and say, 'Grandma Thurston, it's my birthday. What are

you going to do about it?' that will sound like bragging, you know,—as it's *my* birthday. But if you go and say, 'Grandma Thurston, today's Tommy's birthday. What're you going to do about it?' that'll be only saying something—giving her information. Any lady would like information about her neighbors."

Ellen looked at him, quite convinced, little suspecting his wiles, and his more mature knowledge of sophistry.

"Yes," she said. "That's all right. I b'lieve Mother would like that. 'Giving ladies information.' 'Most as good as birthday presents. I'll go."

And before Tommy could get his breath at the magnificent way in which his scheme had worked, she was out of the gate and down the path that ran to Grandma Thurston's house.

As the screen door closed behind Ellen, some unhappy qualms of conscience rose in Tommy's breast, only to be lost in the delicious odor of freshly-baked cake.

Unexpected

"Last room to the left, fellows. Johnson, you'd better stay here; your shoes squeak."

Johnson, nothing loath, supported himself carefully against the stair railing and watched two dim figures groping down the dark hall.

The inhabitant of the last room to the left brought his feet from table to floor with a thud as he returned a surprised "Come in" to the rap on the door. It was long past twelve, and he knew the knock of every man who was in the habit of visiting him at untimely hours, unless it was that of the freshman across the hall. But the freshman's steady snoring was still audible, as it had been for more than an hour.

Simultaneously with the opening of the door, Miller whirled about in his chair.

"Well, what y' want?"

"We want you, freshman. Come along. And be quiet about it."

"Guess you've got the wrong man, fellows. I'm not a freshman."

"Aw, yes, y' are! Can't fool us. Come on." The larger of the two who had entered the room at his summons seized Miller by the arm.

"No you don't!" With a quick wrench Miller freed himself.

The two were at him in a moment. But, quicker even than they, Miller landed a fine fist in the eye of the first aggressor, who staggered, blinded, against the doorpost, groped his way into the hall, and took to his heels. His companion followed, his pace accelerated by the energetic presence of Miller in the rear.

Johnson, having a handicap, was the first to reach the bottom of the stairs, where he hurtled against a white-clad, bare-legged figure, eluded its grasp, and shot out of the door.

"Ho! What's the matter?" sounded from the foot of the stairs, as two more dark figures came pounding down in quick succession.

Miller leaned over the railing.

"Nothing serious, Mr. Smith. Merely a couple of sophs. They won't be back again."

. . . . . .

The next morning, busied over some uncanny object in one of the anatomy laboratories, Hammersley of the Delta Omegas kept chuckling to himself in spite of his gruesome task. He was thinking of the tale Miller had related to the fraternity at breakfast.

"Must have been a brilliant landscape Miller painted on the fellow's mug," he mused. "Millie's fist! I'd hate to come up against it, unexpected, on a dark night."—He glanced up as some one entered the room. "Hello! What's this?" he murmured. One eye of the newcomer was covered with a huge black patch.

"Scrap, Rankin?" was Hammersley's terse inquiry as he of the eye took his place at an adjacent table.

"Nope. Fell against the bedpost in the dark."

"Oh? That so? Thought you might have been in the fuss last night."

"What fuss?" with a show of polite curiosity. "Where was it?"

"Gorham Street. Sophs. Got hold of the wrong man. He gave one of 'em a tremendous eye." Hammersley bent over the metal-topped table again, and appeared to forget the conversation in his work.

After several speculative glances at the calm face of his neighbor Rankin asked,

"Who was the man?"

"Miller. Champion boxer of the Delta Omegas. Know him?"

"Only by reputation."

"No? Well, he isn't particularly striking." This meditatively. "You might not have noticed him. Black curly hair, chubby, innocent face." The details were coming out slowly while Hammersley watched Rankin's expression. "Red cheeks, scar on his forehead."

"That's the fellow! That's the fellow!" shouted Rankin excitedly.

"Oh, so you do know him, after all?"

"Know him? Why, he—I—" Rankin stopped abruptly, and returned to his work.

"The Delta Omega champion! Great smoke!" he muttered, with a caressing little pat on the black patch.

A Tremendous Trifle

Jane had teased her mother for it many times.

"Please, please, Mother," she coaxed. "Every girl in High has had a dress made at Madame Irene's. I've never had one yet. All my things look so dressmakerish. Every one thinks it's just mean. It isn't as if we couldn't afford it."

Jane's mother had finally given in to this persistent and annoying teasing. The "dress made at Madame Irene's" was at last an accomplished fact. Every girl in high school who had had a dress made at Madame Irene's, had been in to inspect the new creation. This did not include quite all of the girls in high school. "Every girl in High" simply meant five of Jane's most intimate friends. The new dress was pronounced by all to be an entire success.

"Really, you know, Jane," said Eleanor Day, "dresses like that are more than just dresses. They're—they're—costumes, or robes, or gowns, or something. You'll find that you just won't feel the same in it at all. It's—well—it's sort of uplifting to have a dress like that."

The next Sunday proved to be one of those first lovely warm spring days which seem created especially for the benefit of the fortunate possessors of new finery. This was most auspicious for Jane, who was starting out to church in the new dress. She had not been ready when the family went, a fact for which there were two good reasons. In the first place, her mother would have insisted on a coat. Jane had no intention of veiling the splendor of her new dress under her last year's coat. Secondly, she did not intend going to the Methodist Church anyway. She had decided that this was a most opportune day to make her début at the Episcopal Church, which she considered to be rather more *chic*. It seemed to her that the form and ceremony of the Episcopal service would constitute a fitting background for the new dress.

What with having to wait until the family were entirely out of sight, and then having to go back three times to look at herself in the hall mirror, Jane was quite late in getting to church. There were no seats left excepting in the very front. This did not in the least disturb her, for she was upheld by the elevating influence of the new dress. She felt that all eyes were upon her as she languidly made her way up the aisle; she felt also that there was no better place for eyes to be than to be riveted on Madame Irene's latest crea-

tion. Eleanor was certainly right; a gown from Irene's *did* give one quite a different feeling, a *je ne sais quoi,* or something of that sort. On former occasions Jane had, upon coming late to church, slipped quietly into a rear pew; or if those were full, she had made great haste to get up the aisle and seat herself quickly, blushing furiously meanwhile. Today all these childish sensations of embarrassment no longer existed. She experienced a real feeling of ecstasy as she sauntered up the aisle, which seemed all too short, and seated herself with great deliberation.

Jane fell quite in love with the Episcopal service. She knelt with the utmost reverence; she rose up with a delicious feeling of sanctification. How much more religious it seemed than at the Methodist Church, where, after the first hymn, one was entirely eclipsed by a high-backed pew until after the sermon.

The sermon—oh, yes, Father Jenkins was preaching. Jane reached forward to put her prayer book in the rack, and heavens! What was that? She clutched wildly at her arm, and had the horrid sensation of feeling something inside her sleeve. A grasshopper—no, and far, far worse, a June bug! It must be one of those horrible hard-shelled June bugs. Jane held it firmly in her grasp. Firmly, but not too firmly. If she released it, heaven alone knows where it would go to. If she squashed it, her dress would be ruined. Father Jenkins, who happened to look at her at just that moment, felt that he had never seen such an appealing expression on a young girl's face. He wondered who she was. He felt that his sermon must be making a strong impression on her.

Jane writhed. She had the utmost terror of June bugs. It was her established custom to scream at the sight of one. The thought that one of those dreadful creatures had actually been crawling on her arm—well, it was quite too much for Jane. She rose, hastily, still clutching her sleeve. She endeavored to make a dignified exit, but the thought of the June bug overcame her desire for dignity. She walked faster and faster down the aisle, which seemed to stretch out

interminably before her. Every one was staring at her. Why couldn't they look at the minister as they should? Finally she reached the vestibule, and dashing wildly through it, plunged headlong down the steps, and made for home at a mad run. Entirely forgotten were that beautiful poise and uplift of soul that had so recently been hers. She thought of only one thing—the loathsome bug separated from her fingers by only a thin layer of taffeta silk. By the time she reached the kitchen door of her home she was in tears.

"Katie, Katie, open the door!" she screamed. "There's a June bug in my sleeve!"

Katie threw open the door, and a minute after Jane had catapulted in, the dress was off, and Katie was shaking it vigorously, but no hard-shelled June bug appeared.

"It's in there," shrieked Jane. "It's in there! I know it is!"

Katie gingerly pinched the sleeve up and down its length. "There 'tis," she said. And reaching boldly into the sleeve she drew forth to Jane's astonished gaze, a very tiny, very hard little pink silk sachet, attached to a dainty ribbon.

"That's all 'twas, dearie," she said soothingly. "That ain't worth cryin' about. It's just a cute little thing yer dressmaker's gone an' stuck in here. Just smell it. It's awful sweet, like vi'lets. Look, there's somethin' printed on it."

Jane approached, and cautiously taking hold of the sachet read the legend, *Madame Irene, Robes.* "Robes!" she sniffed indignantly, as she clutched the offending garment under her arm. "Well, I'm going upstairs to put on a dress!"

SECTION IV

SENTENCE STRUCTURE

SIMPLE, COMPOUND, AND COMPLEX SENTENCES,
WORKING DEFINITIONS OF PARTS OF SPEECH

"You know I'm a Democrat,
But my wife likes coffee," he said.
And his look was exceedingly wise
As he solemnly wagged his head.

Sentence Structure[1]

The child just learning to speak will repeat again and again the only word he knows to express his wish. He may show emotion clearly by means of frowns and smiles, and by tone of voice, although the words he uses may not in any way represent his feeling. He is like the small boy who used three quite unemotional words to express disapproval,—to express it so well that his nurse threatened to leave on account of his language. "I know the words ain't swearing, ma'am," she said, "but he means it when he says 'em, he does. And I can't stand any such language." The offending words were—"Cow! Bone! Barn!"

The grown person who is learning a language sometimes has to eke out his meager vocabulary with frowns and smiles and gestures; his efforts, however, are often anything but a success, for his thoughts and needs are far more complex than those of the small child. But many a person uses his native language with as little fluency and ease and as little accuracy as does the person who is just learning it. The person native to the language sometimes fails utterly to realize that he cannot speak his ideas successfully; he goes through life quite unaware that he is intellectually and spiritually deaf and dumb, since he can neither read with genuine intelligence nor write with unmistakable clearness and force.

[1] *E. R. G.*, sec. 252f., especially sec. 255–6, 258. Also see Index and Table of Contents, and *E. R. G.* references to Section I of this book.

Few people speak in a breathless outpouring of word after word, without pause, so that the hearer scarcely knows when one idea ends and another begins. But some people write without considering the means by which they may indicate grouping and separation of ideas. People often both speak and write without regard to the true relation between ideas. The expression of their thoughts becomes as tiresome as the bumping of a long train of freight cars, one after another in endless succession, over the ties; and as uninteresting and unoriginal as a row of tenement houses built exactly alike. Any person who believes it worth while to say or write what he thinks, ought to have enough respect for his own thoughts and enough consideration for the person who listens or reads, to give his ideas the best possible form. A knowledge of the elements of sentence structure and of the punctuation which may be needed to indicate separation of ideas, will help him to do this.

The necessity for expressing a variety of ideas and emotions has produced three main types of sentence adapted to expressing ideas in various relationships. These are the simple, the compound, and the complex.

The Simple Sentence

Suppose that a person who knows very little English happens, when he is calling on an American friend, to look out of a window and see an incident that amuses him greatly: A very tall, dignified old man, in white spats and a high hat, is chasing energetically a small puppy dashing around the yard with one of the old man's gloves in its mouth. The stranger, his face lighting with amusement, is eager to communicate the fun to his friend. He under-

takes to express himself in the language new to him. What he says is most dull and uninteresting:

Dog runs. Man runs.

If it were not for the twinkle in his eye and the amused tone of his voice, the American would have little notion that his foreign friend had seen something interesting.

Looked at from the point of view of power to use speech for expressing thought and emotion, the person experimenting with a new language is not much farther along in the art than is the baby who, seeing the same incident, gurgles and coos and with excitedly waving arms exclaims, "Man. Dog. Run, run." Both have a long way to go before they can express adequately, by means of words alone, their interest in the scene. The man, since he is amused by the incongruity between the old gentleman's dignified appearance and his ludicrous actions, is really more hampered than the child is by lack of vocabulary and sentence structure adapted to his needs. The richer his thought and imagination and experience, the greater will be his need for skill in the use of words, phrases, sentences,—all the tools of expression

However, the foreigner has spoken in two sentences,—not in disjointed nouns and verbs, as did the child. He has used a SUBJECT, or SUBJECT NOUN,[2] something to talk about; and a PREDICATE or PREDICATE VERB,—something said about the subject. In the first sentence, *dog* is the subject of his remark; *runs* is the predicate, the statement made about the subject, *dog*. In the second

[2] Any word or group of words used like a noun—as subject or object—may become, temporarily, a SUBSTANTIVE, the term under which are conveniently classified both nouns and pronouns. For instance, in the sentence, "*Runs* is the predicate," a verb has been used as the subject substantive of the sentence.

sentence, *man* is the subject; *runs* is the predicate. The subject and predicate form the backbone or SKELETON of any sentence.[3]

The SIMPLE SENTENCE, then, contains one set of subject and predicate.[3] It may contain other words and groups of words, as in the sentence in the first paragraph, describing what the foreigner saw:

A very tall, dignified old man, in white spats and a high hat, is chasing a small puppy dashing around with one of the old man's gloves in his mouth.

This, like the elementary statement, "Dog runs," or "Man runs," is a simple sentence: it contains but one set of subject and predicate; all the other words or groups of words in the sentence are directly related to the subject or the predicate. One word, *puppy,* forms what is called the OBJECT of the verb—the thing toward which the action of the verb, *is chasing,* is directed: the chasing is done to the dog.

The first five words, *A very tall, dignified old,* describe the subject, *man.* Each of them narrows the meaning of the word to which it is attached: the man seen is not young but old, not undignified but dignified, not short but tall. Thus, by means of ADJECTIVES—words thrown with or attached to nouns—the man is singled out from other men who may happen to be visible, so that one knows at once who is meant, knows what he looks like, what sort of man he is. All the other words or groups of words in the sentence, it will be seen, are related to one of the main words (the subject, predicate, or object) as MODIFIERS—expressions which modify or limit or describe the words to which they are attached; and *none of these modifiers contains a subject and a predicate.*

[3] For an exception to this statement see page 113.

The group of words, *in white spats and a high hat,* is used also to describe the word *man,* and hence is used like an adjective. Such a group of words, made to perform the function of a single part of speech, is called a PHRASE, *provided that* it does not contain a subject-and-predicate group. This phrase, since it modifies a noun, is called an ADJECTIVAL PHRASE; and since it begins with the connective word called a preposition,[4] it is also a PREPOSITIONAL PHRASE.

In the same way, the rest of the words may be shown to accompany the verb, *is chasing. Energetically* is used to show the manner in which the chasing is done; it is called an ADVERB—a word which limits a verb, makes the meaning of the verb more clear and definite. The old man does not chase slowly, unwillingly, or listlessly; his is chasing which has life in it; he is chasing *energetically.* The words *a* and *small* modify the noun *puppy,* which is the object of the verb; they are adjectives, just as *dignified* and *tall* and *old* are. The word *a* belongs, however, to a special class of adjectives called ARTICLES. If, for instance, a particular dog is meant, or a particular man (my dog Fido, not Mr. Smith's; Orlando, not Macbeth) the DEFINITE ARTICLE *the* will be required. If the sort of creature called a dog or the sort called a man is meant, the species rather than the individual (a dog, the owner unknown; a man, unidentified), the INDEFINITE ARTICLE *a* is

[4] The preposition should be clearly distinguished from the subordinating conjunction. For the present, it is sufficient to notice that the PREPOSITION precedes or introduces a noun phrase. The CONJUNCTION introduces a group of words containing a subject and a predicate.

	to his uncle	at your request
Peter went		I shall go
	where his uncle was	if you wish me to

required. *Dashing around the yard with one of the old man's gloves in his mouth* limits the meaning of the general term *puppy,* and so is an adjectival phrase. Notice that this phrase does not begin with a preposition, and that the word *dashing* is not a verb: test it by trying to make a skeleton, *puppy dashing,* and the lack of completeness is at once evident.[5]

A sentence may contain a COMPOUND SUBJECT or a COMPOUND PREDICATE, or both:

The man	are chasing	
and	and	the dog
the woman	will catch	

Keeping in mind the fact that the simple sentence contains but *one group* of subject and predicate, the student will know that this is a simple sentence, for there are not two groups of subject and predicate, but one group, the subject containing two substantives, and the predicate containing two verbs. It is important to remember this fact in order to avoid confusion with the next kind of sentence to be discussed.

When the foreigner knows more about the language than he now does, when he knows more words, and when he can express his ideas in a simple sentence with adjectival and adverbial modifiers such as those in the longer illustrative sentence, then he will be able to describe the relation between the old man and the dog much more to his own satisfaction and his friend's enlightenment.

[5] Discussion of participles, gerunds, and infinitives has, for reasons of simplification, been omitted from this chapter.

The Compound Sentence

Suppose, now, that the foreigner has in his vocabulary such a connecting word as a SIMPLE CO-ORDINATING CONJUNCTION—a word used to join words or groups of words *on an equal level,* performing the same function in the sentence. For instance, the connective used in making up the compound subject and the compound predicate illustrated in the preceding section, is a simple co-ordinating conjunction. By the aid of such a word [6] the stranger may join his remarks about the dog and the man, making of them one sentence:

Dog runs, and man runs.

This statement is a little more illuminating to his friend than would be two separate sentences. The friend who listens to the remark may easily guess that some sort of relation exists between the dog's running and the man's; and the smile on the speaker's face as he turns eagerly around may assure the friend that something amusing is going on outside. But he will know no more than this.

The foreigner, in saying "Dog runs, and man runs," has spoken one sentence with two separate groups of subject and predicate of equal rank. He has spoken a COMPOUND SENTENCE—one containing *two or more skeletons,* or groups of subject and predicate, *of equal rank,* each INDEPENDENT, capable of being used as a complete sentence.

A sentence may be compound if it does not contain one of the simple co-ordinating conjunctions; that is, if two or more independent predications are set together with the

[6] The six simple co-ordinating conjunctions are *and, but, for, or, nor, neither.*

usual indication of a sentence,—a capital letter at the beginning and a period at the end. *But, care must be taken to punctuate these groups correctly:* a semicolon is in almost all cases to be used between them. The inexperienced punctuator will do best to say to himself that the semicolon is *always* to be used.

Each of the two or more groups of subject and predicate, with their modifiers, which form a compound sentence, is called a CLAUSE—a group of words which contains a subject and a predicate *and is accompanied by one or more other groups of words containing a subject and a predicate.* In brief, a simple sentence is not a clause, although under certain conditions it may be combined with another simple sentence to form the two clauses of a compound sentence.

Each of the clauses in a compound sentence is an INDEPENDENT PREDICATION; all the clauses of the compound sentence together make up a COMPLETE INDEPENDENT PREDICATION.[7]

A special kind of connective called a conjunctive adverb, or a relation-showing adverb, may also connect the parts of a compound sentence. The CONJUNCTIVE ADVERB [8] is an adverbial co-ordinating word which *may join only clauses,* not parts of speech (nouns, verbs, etc.) as a simple co-ordinating conjunction may do. The conjunctive adverb, *therefore,* may be replaced by *for that reason,*

[7] Any sentence is a complete independent predication, whether it is simple, compound, or complex.

[8] Some of the conjunctive adverbs are *also, besides, consequently, furthermore, hence, however, likewise, moreover, nevertheless, notwithstanding, now, otherwise, so, still, then, therefore, thus, yet.* These words, acting partly as adverb and partly as conjunction, are not always placed between the clauses: Golf is an excellent game for old and young; football, however, is too strenuous a game for the middle-aged man.

a prepositional adverbial phrase of cause; *then,* used as a connective, may be translated by an expression such as *after that,* easily recognized as an adverbial phrase.

If the person who wished to describe what he had seen as he looked from his friend's window had known how to use conjunctive adverbs, he might have made his thought still more definite by saying, for instance,

The dog runs; so the man runs.
The dog runs; hence the man runs.

The Complex Sentence

Finally, suppose the foreigner to have in his vocabulary at least one of another set of connective words,—not the simple co-ordinating conjunctions or the conjunctive adverbs, but conjunctions showing subordinate or dependent relationship of ideas, as the preposition shows it. Some of these are the subordinating conjunctions showing adverbial [9] relationship, like *when, while, where,* and *as, if, since, because;* and the relative pronouns [10] showing adjectival relationship, like *who, which, that.*

[9] A clause introduced by a subordinating conjunction of time, place, manner, degree, modifies the verb alone; one introduced by a subordinating conjunction of cause, concession, condition, although adverbial in nature, may be said to modify the whole clause, since it connects one statement or predication with another.

[10] A PRONOUN is a word used for, or in place of, a noun. If, for instance, it were not possible to use *he, his,* or *him* in place of the noun *John,* ideas would have to be expressed in some such clumsy way as this: John is hunting for John's hat. John is angry because John has lost John's hat. A RELATIVE PRONOUN is a word used to show adjectival relation between an adjectival clause and the noun which it modifies. It may be the subject or

Supplied with subordinating conjunctions and relative pronouns, the foreigner might express his thought in one of these forms:[11]

Dog runs when man runs

Because man runs, dog runs

Man who chases dog runs

His statement is now more enlightening to his friend than was either the simple or the compound sentence, because he has shown, however inadequately, the logical relation between the dog's running and the man's.

In each case he has used two clauses, but the relation between them is not one of equality: each clause cannot be used as a sentence, like a clause of a compound sentence.[12] One of them is dependent, or subordinate,—a modifier; it is not the kind of clause that can reasonably be separated from the independent or main clause. If one person were to meet another on the street and say, "When the man runs," the other person would naturally ask, "Well, what about it? What will happen when the man runs?"

The dog runs when the man runs

In this sentence the main skeleton is *dog runs;* the other

the object or a possessive modifier in the clause. This is the man *who* asked for you. This is the man *whom* you wish to see. This is the man *whose* house you wish to rent.

[11] For a fourth form, the substantive clause, see p. 112.

[12] Whether to express two ideas in a simple sentence or a compound sentence is a question which concerns matters of paragraph structure, with which this book is only incidentally concerned. Illustrations may be found in the narrative selections (see particularly p. 97) and in the constructive exercises for combination of short sentences, pp. 19–21.

clause, of which the skeleton is *man runs,* is dependent upon, or subordinate to the main clause. The clause, *when the man runs,* used like an adverb of time, is called an ADVERBIAL CLAUSE because it modifies the verb *run,* just as any adverb or adverbial phrase would do.

Because the man runs, the dog runs.

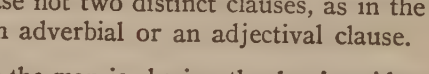
Here the relation between the ideas is that of cause and effect. *Because the man runs* gives the reason for the dog's running. It is an adverbial clause, but it expresses a more complex relation between ideas than does the other sort of adverbial clause.

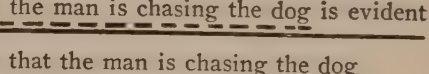
The man who chases the dog runs.

In this the subordinate clause, *who chases the dog,* is used as an adjective would be used, and so is called an ADJECTIVAL CLAUSE. The fact that an adjectival clause should be placed close to the word it modifies (in order to prevent mistaken joining with some other noun) requires sometimes, as here, the separation of the main subject and predicate. The introduction of the clause by the relative pronoun gives it the title of RELATIVE CLAUSE. The student needs to remember that relative pronouns, which have not the distinctiveness attached to personal pronouns, nor the vividness attached to proper nouns, must not be carelessly overlooked in discovering what is the subject or object of the subordinate clause. The relative clause modifies the word to which the relative pronoun relates,—the substantive from which it takes its meaning. In the sentence given as an illustration, *who* derives its meaning from the noun *man.* Without these handy relative pronouns, we should sometimes be reduced to ex-

pressing our ideas in primer style: "The man runs. The man is angry. The dog runs. The dog has a glove in its mouth." Whereas, by the aid of the relative pronoun, one may say, "The angry man is chasing the dog, which has a glove in its mouth."

There is still another sort of subordinate clause, related to the main clause in a peculiar fashion. It has been said that where there is one clause, there must also be another; but the SUBSTANTIVE or NOUN CLAUSE is really a part of the main clause,—the subject or object of it; there are in this case not two distinct clauses, as in the sentence containing an adverbial or an adjectival clause.





The broken line in each case represents the substantive clause; the continuous line represents the whole sentence. In the first sentence, the substantive clause, or noun clause, is the subject of the verb; in the second it is the object. Notice the introductory word *that,* which is not to be confused with the relative pronoun *that;* in the case of the substantive clause, *that* is not subject or object; it is an introductory expression, helping often to prevent confusion, as is clearly to be seen if *that* is omitted from the first sentence.

The COMPLEX-COMPOUND SENTENCE is merely a compound sentence, one part of which, at least, is complex. In the following example, the subordinate clause is italicized:

The only living creatures to be seen on that hot summer afternoon added to the feeling of drowsiness; the cattle were

lying close under the shade of a great oak, and the single crow *that flapped slowly across the meadow* went heavily, without once giving vent to his usual raucous cry.

A sentence has been defined as a group of words with at least one independent skeleton, or subject and predicate. But a FRAGMENT OF A SENTENCE, a VIRTUAL INDEPENDENT PREDICATION, may sometimes take the place of a complete statement. There are two chief functions of fragmentary sentences; (1) to answer a question in the give and take of everyday, informal conversation; (2) to show great emotion, under stress of which speech may naturally become fragmentary.

Q. Where are you going?	A. Home.
Q. Why are you doing that?	A. Because I wish to.
Q. What is the matter?	A. Nothing.
Q. Whose dog is that?	A. Bob's.

"I saw nothing. Absolutely nothing, I tell you. What should I see? Cats? Dogs? In the center of the Sahara Desert? Nonsense. No such thing. I saw nothing at all."

"You'll do it? Good. That's the way. Down with it, now. Medicine is never as bad as you think."

SECTION V

PUNCTUATION

Ralph Royster Doyster, having employed a professional letter writer to write a love letter to Dame Cunstance, and having copied it in his own hand, returns afterward to the letter writer and complains bitterly that the lady has taken offense at his letter, and that the letter could not have been written correctly. The scrivener replies that the letter was right, but that Ralph must have mispunctuated it as he copied it.

A few lines[1] from the famous letter as Ralph Royster Doyster meant it to be:

I will keep you right well. From good raiment and fare
Ye shall not be kept; but in sorrow and care
Ye shall in no wise live. At your own liberty,
Do and say what ye list. Ye shall never please me
But when ye are merry. I will be all sad
When ye are sorry. I will be very glad
When ye seek your heart's ease. I will be unkind
At no time. In me shall ye much gentleness find.

The same lines as Ralph actually copied them, with some fault, as the scrivener said, in his "pointing."

I will keep you right well from good raiment and fare.
Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care;
Ye shall in no wise live at your own liberty.
Do and say what ye list, ye shall never please me,
But when ye are merry, I will be all sad;
When ye are sorry, I will be very glad;
When ye seek your heart's ease, I will be unkind.
At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find.

Royster Doyster
Act III, scene iv, and Act IV, scene iv.
Nicholas Udall; about 1553.

[1] With modern spelling.

Why Punctuate?

By means of pauses, sometimes long, sometimes short; by raising and lowering the voice; and by gestures and the look upon his face, a skilful speaker strengthens, makes clearer the thoughts and feelings which he wishes to convey to his hearers. Likewise, by watching the look of disgust or interest or boredom on the countenance of his audience, he discovers whether what he says has hit the mark. If it has not, he may contrive to repeat what he has said, make it clearer, drive it home more forcibly. Of course he will not affect his listener as powerfully as if he had found the best phrasing in the first place; but at least he will not be misunderstood.

Now the writer is entirely at the mercy of the words he puts upon the page,—the knowledge of what they mean, not to him alone, but to mankind in general; the order in which he arranges them; the form of sentences which he writes; the manner in which, by means of punctuation marks, he emphasizes his meaning, and joins or separates ideas.

In writing, good punctuation takes to some extent the place of the pause and the varied inflections of the voice. The careful writer, knowing this, endeavors to punctuate his sentences as meticulously as he phrases them; to choose and place his commas, semicolons, and periods with as great discrimination as he chooses and places words. He tries by every possible means to make his ideas unmistakably clear to his reader; and not only clear, but interesting,

forceful, distinctive. He will do himself the service of clothing his ideas in the most appropriate garb possible, so that they will receive the respectful attention which they deserve. He will show the reader the courtesy of making the way as easy for him as the thought—and the reader's intelligence—will allow: the reader will not be obliged to puzzle over sentences because modifiers are misplaced or because punctuation marks are carelessly, perhaps freakishly, used—or omitted.

Many an inexperienced writer, trying to express himself seriously, has made a ludicrous statement because of a misplaced modifier, or a misplaced, or missing, punctuation mark. To the amateur in punctuating, the following basic principles are offered as a guide. Rules have been reduced to a minimum. If in applying these few rules the student uses as good sense as is needed for working out a theorem in geometry or a problem in chemistry, he ought to be able to punctuate with some degree of facility, and something approaching real power. There will always, as he grows intellectually, be new problems of punctuation, brought about by his use of new phrasing for the expression of complicated thought and delicate shades of meaning. But, once supplied with the basic principles, and a habit of applying them correctly in everyday cases, he will have comparatively little difficulty in dealing with the sentence which requires unusual discretion in punctuation as well as in phrasing. He will know whether a comma or a dash is preferable in one sentence; whether to choose a comma or a semicolon for the largest division of thought in another; and whether to set off an independent statement as a clause or as a complete sentence. In short, he will be a master of right punctuation, not the slave of mispunctuation.

The Uses of Punctuation Marks

In using punctuation within the sentence, five points must be clearly understood:

1. A *comma* may separate elements of both equal and unequal rank.
2. A *semicolon* may separate elements of equal rank, only.
3. A *colon* may indicate that what follows it is in some way a definition, an explanation, or a fuller statement of what has preceded.
4. *Dashes, parentheses, and square brackets* are used for setting off parenthetic material in cases where commas would be inadequate.
5. Punctuation for rhetorical effect—to express shades of emotion, and special stress which in speech would be represented by changing tone of voice, by gesture, etc.—sometimes requires using the marks of punctuation in a manner not strictly according to rule. But, the amateur should not think of breaking the rules until he has mastered the use of them. It is only the master of any art, whether of painting or of punctuation, who may safely use his tools, his medium for expression, in unusual ways in order to produce the effect he desires. He alone knows the limitations and the power of the material with which he works.

The Essentials of Interior Punctuation

I. Co-ordinate elements in a sentence require punctuation if they are:
   - A. Independent clauses, whether connected by co-ordinating conjunction or not
   - B. Co-ordinate elements in the relation known as the "A, B, and C" series
   - C. Other co-ordinate elements not connected by a conjunction

II. Subordinate elements require punctuation to separate them from the elements they modify if they are:
   - A. Non-restrictive
   - B. Out of their usual order

III. Elements grammatically independent require separative punctuation

IV. Some variations from the usual rule are required for rhetorical purposes

V. Various matters of punctuation, capitalization, etc., without direct bearing on sentence structure, need attention:
   - A. Abbreviations and contractions
   - B. Some possessives
   - C. Some compound words
   - D. Words and phrases used in unusual ways
   - E. Titles of books, foreign phrases, etc.
   - F. Quoted expressions

I. *E. R. G.*, sec. 184–7, 220–4, 537(1)
II. *E. R. G.*, sec. 188–9, 225f.
III. *E. R. G.*, sec. 294–8

The Essentials of Interior Punctuation Illustrated

I. CO-ORDINATE ELEMENTS [1]

A. INDEPENDENT CLAUSE.

1. With simple co-ordinating conjunction

a. Closely related, unpunctuated (comma)

During the storm our rowboat was turned upside down, and our canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks.

He cannot have found the road, or he would have returned early in the evening.

It was a long pull upstream, but we made it.

b. Sharply separated, often with contrast (semicolon)

His feet carried him bravely up the stairs; but his soul shrank back in utter terror of what lay before him.

He was perilously near destruction; nor did he escape without harm.

c. Containing punctuated elements (semicolon)

When she had finished her task, she went wearily out into the garden, hers no longer, and sat down on the stone bench under the rose arbor; and there among the birds and flowers, peace such

[1] See p. 35.
E. R. G., sec. 211, 186.

as she had not known for days filled her whole being.

The senator, who was better endowed with an oratorical voice than with any logical powers, persuaded most of his audience by noise; and his opponent, who did his auditors the honor of supposing that they could think, relied on argument rather than on mere sound to convey his opinions.

2. Without simple co-ordinating conjunction (semicolon, colon)

a. No connective word

He was an old man; he had worked hard all his life; at last he was to have a long vacation.

Our train pulled in very late; the little mountain village was already dark.

He was sure of this fact: the boat had been swamped on Frying Pan reef.

b. With conjunctive adverb[2] *as only connective* (semicolon)

With stiff, half-frozen fingers the old man unharnessed the bony horse; then he trudged through the snow to the house, opened the door, and went in.

The gentleman from California has just given a most plausible explanation of the matter; however, I wish to point out a few flaws in his argument.

B. CO-ORDINATE ELEMENTS IN SERIES (A, B, AND C)
a. Closely related, unpunctuated (comma)

In the city of Parkerville there were seven candidates for mayor at the spring election: Paul Thomas, T. M. Oswald, John Johnson, Alexan-

[2] See page 108, note 2; also p. 27.

der Macdonald, Frederick W. Krauskopf, Pat O'Malley, and Timothy Fairweather.

The man looked old, tired, and greatly worried.

We stole into the darkened house, crept up the stairs, felt our way along the narrow passage, and finally stopped with breathless eagerness before a closed door at the end of the hall.

It was evident to intelligent men that Jones was guilty, that he ought to have been given a heavy sentence, and that only a weakly sentimental jury would have declared him innocent.

b. Sharply separated, punctuated, or very long (semicolon)

Women had put their hands over their faces to shut out the terrible sight; children had run shrieking to their mothers; men had dashed frantically to the rescue.

If he could make his strength last a little longer; if he could only reach that highest crag, rising far above him; if he could place his country's ensign on the sharp spire of rock that topped the crag, he would die content.

We, the affirmative, have endeavored to prove to you: first, that this means of taxation, however sound it may appear, would help only the politicians; second, that it would be financially harmful to many people; and third, that, as far as our national morale is concerned, it would be a great disaster to the country.

C. OTHER CO-ORDINATE ELEMENTS, WITHOUT CONJUNCTION (comma, semicolon)

An unpaved, unlighted street ran past the straggling houses of the village.

A large, fierce-looking tiger suddenly appeared on the Capitol Square.

He was without interest, without physical energy, without mental stamina.

Certain facts must be acknowledged: that a fraternity will be either good or bad according to its members; that members will be either good or bad according to the traditions of the group; that no fraternity will be the entire reformation of a man who does not wish to reform; and that none will be the ruin of a man who has stamina to resist ruin elsewhere than in his fraternity house.

II. SUBORDINATE ELEMENTS[3]

A. NON-RESTRICTIVE (NON-LIMITING OR PARENTHETICAL) (comma)

A book, old and worn, lay face down under the tree.

Mr. Smith, the president, has gone to Europe.

He went to Brooklyn, New York, on December 15, 1880, and remained there until January 29, 1920, when he removed to a farm which he had purchased in Farrell Township, Grant County, Oregon.

Within the first day of driving the automobile, a graduation present from his mother, he had completely wrecked the car, but had miraculously escaped injury himself.

Henry, the seventeenth in the line waiting for football tickets, was very tired and hungry.

The old man, having walked a long distance to visit his daughter, was completely exhausted.

I went to visit Jane Evers, who lives in Chicago.

Ten of us boys trooped into Albert's kitchen, where

[3] *E. R. G.* (references placed in order of use in the illustrations) sec. 188, 225–41, 194, 204, 259, 291–3, 23

we devoured everything in the refrigerator, except the eggs, some raw beets, and the ice.

We shall go in June, as soon as the weather is settled.

Such a plan as this ought to be approved by every right-minded voter, since it will greatly improve the city streets and will thus bring increased comfort and prosperity to our people.

B. ELEMENTS OUT OF THEIR USUAL ORDER[4] OR LIABLE TO BE MISREAD (comma)

If you wish to become a good swimmer, you must learn not to be afraid of the water.

Never very brave, he now became an absolute coward.

While emptying his hatful of berries into the shining tin pail, he became suddenly conscious that something—probably a bear—was padding around in the bushes behind him.

The savages having sat down to eat, the old missionary, who never failed in his religious duties, asked a blessing on their heathen meal, just as if he had been sitting at table with Christian folks in a Christian land.

III. ELEMENTS GRAMMATICALLY INDEPENDENT[5]

A. VOCATIVES, INTERJECTIONS, ABSOLUTE EXPRESSIONS (comma, exclamation mark)

George, please open the door.

I hear, Mr. Arbuthnot, that you have recently published a new book.

What in the world has happened, Elizabeth?

[4] Frequently, also, non-restrictive, and so requiring punctuation wherever they are placed.

[5] *E. R. G., sec.* 25, 26, 294–7

Philip! How can you!

Not guilty, your Honor.

Oh, is that true?

I have a telegram ordering me, alas, to South America.

Well, at any rate the trip will be interesting.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she shrieked in terror. "What is it?"

"Good-bye, my dear. Come again soon," said the old lady.

The river having risen during the night, we were unable to ford it as we had done the evening before.

The farmers were very poor that fall, the grain crop having been a total failure.

This was a most unusual season,—not even the oldest citizen being able to conjure up memory of anything like it.

B. PARENTHETIC AFTERTHOUGHT; INCOMPLETE STATEMENT (comma, dash)

The sun was setting in an angry red sky—surely a portent of bad weather for the morrow.

You'll not succeed in persuading John to lend you any money—not unless he has changed greatly since I last saw him.

He did not ask for help,—a request which he felt would lessen his value in the opinion of the young lady.

We shall stay here over night—or do you prefer to go on to the next village?

No, indeed. We shall not be vexed,—quite the contrary.

"Please, sir—please, sir," he faltered, "could you give me a—a quarter—or maybe a dime?—To get some food, you know." Here he drew in his chubby red cheeks, trying to make them look thin. "I'm t-terrible

hungry—I'm—" Suddenly overcome with laughter, he dashed out of the door.

C. PURELY PARENTHETIC EXPRESSIONS

Jonathan, it seems, was the culprit.

Failure to do justice will—whatever you may think—bring inevitable disaster on your heads.

Though the end of his strength was near—as could be seen from his stumbling feet and swaying body—he struggled valiantly up the steep, waving his flag victoriously as he went.

In his book entitled *The Whims of Mankind,* Everly Whitten remarks (p. 207) that many a good wife has been spoiled by her husband's shirt sleeves and unshaven chin.

An article on *Deep Sea Fishing* in the *Encyclopedia Waltonia* (Ed. 2, Vol. 7, p. 172–199) is my authority for this remarkable statement.

"In manufacturing [*sic*] fudge, one is lible [*sic*] to make many messy mistakes before managing a masterpiece," writes the alliterative freshman who is studying home economics,—and needs to study spelling.

IV. PUNCTUATION FOR RHETORICAL EFFECT

Swinging low on a bough of the apple tree in front of the house was—a monkey.

"Our opponents," roared the freshman debater—whose figures of speech sometimes ran away with him—"need to tread water in this mighty valley of argumentation lest, losing their way in the broad heavens of lofty thought they—as it were—dash their head against a stone."

"It is a very difficult undertaking—a very difficult undertaking indeed," remarked the pompous man, balanc-

ing first on his heels and then on his toes. "One could scarcely finish it—ah—well, not within a year. Yes, perhaps—a year—might suffice."

"This is the very place—gently, gently, old boy—where we struck quicksand last time."

"No, you can't.—Oh, I beg your pardon. Come in, Mr. Exeter. I thought it was that wretched dog again. He has learned to use the knocker—had just done it, in fact—like a gentleman.—A quite gentlemanly knock, I assure you. There—listen to him. Did you ever hear anything like it? From a dog, I mean."

"In fact—in fact—well, you—in fact—why, it was this way—we . . . Oh, dear, I can't talk about it."

V. MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS OF PUNCTUATION, CAPITALIZATION, ETC.[6]

A. ABBREVIATIONS AND CONTRACTIONS (period, apostrophe)

I can't say that I like to see abbreviations such as *Feb.* and *Wis.* and *St.* in a letter, even a business letter, unless it is the sort in which merely an order is made for goods; then the writer may abbreviate, as long as he makes himself clear. 2/10/25 may in such a case be as good as February 10, 1925. I like just as little to read a year date written out in words—unless on a wedding invitation, where it is correct. "He was born in nineteen hundred and six" spreads the date out over a needless space; I prefer "He was born in 1906."

Contractions such as *can't, didn't, I've,* do not trouble me if they are used in the right place. For the natural give and take of ordinary conversation in a story, they are necessary. If a character is an informal, easy-

[6] *E. R. G.*, sec. 43

going sort of person, he is likely to use many contractions; if he is very dignified and formal, or if the occasion is formal, then his speech will be formal, with no contracted words, as well as no fragmentary sentences. It is one thing to use contractions in formal speech or writing, which the author desires to make as dignified as he can; it's quite another to use them in a whimsical, conversational essay which expresses the fancy of the moment rather than the reasoning of a lifetime.

B. SOME POSSESSIVES

No apostrophes go
With the pronouns, you know:
Yours, his, theirs, and *hers,*
The grammarian avers,
Are correct as correct can be.

But no noun shows possession
Without the accession
Of a helpful apostrophe;
So *Bob's, Burns's,* and *Brown's*
Are the right forms for nouns
When you use them possessively.

C. SOME COMPOUND WORDS (hyphen)

After a good deal of trouble with his English because, among other matters, he was careless about the hyphening of compound words, Tobias Cadwallader learned that the only safe thing to do was to consult a dictionary—the most recent one available—whenever he was in doubt. He discovered one day, when he happened to dip into a volume of Murray's *New English Dictionary,* that what his teacher had told him was true: two words used together for the first time to

give a name to a new idea or invention—or a new name to an old one—may first be used side by side, without any connecting link; may next be hyphened; and may finally be written as a solid word. For instance, the first hyphening of *stair* and *case* is found in a book on architecture, published in 1624, after Shakespeare's death; and although in 1762 John Wesley wrote the word solid, he seems to have been ahead of his time, for the hyphen remained in general service until Charles Lamb's time, two hundred years after its first use, when *stair-case* finally became *staircase*.

We say "He was good looking," without a hyphen between the two words used as a predicate adjective. But we say "He was a good-looking man," or "The good-looking man is my brother," when the two words are used as an adjective placed directly with the noun, instead of being joined to it by some form of the verb *to be* or any other copulative verb, like *seems* or *looks*.

D. WORDS AND PHRASES USED IN UNUSUAL WAYS

She used *and* to connect two thirds of her ideas; the other third she connected with *so;* and as for giving any one else a chance to use any word at all, she never dreamed of it. Her speech flowed on without rhyme or reason, like some endless current of water, not swift enough to turn a water-wheel, but making a subdued, monotonous sound as annoying as the drone of an aeroplane is to a nervous person.

He was such a very careless writer, and his penmanship was so bad that his capital *C's* looked like small letters; his *o's* were like *a's* and his *a's* like *o's;* and when the compositor, who conscientiously printed what was written, had finished his article, it looked as if the young reporter had no grammar, for he was made to announce that the new organist of St. Peter's church said, "I have Came to Allensburg with great

pleasure, knowing the reputation this City has Came to have for good music. I shall play next Sunday, at the request of members of the Congregation, that old favorite, *The Last chord.*" As the new organist was a college graduate and very particular about his English, and also about the correct spelling of the titles of pieces of music, the newspaper immediately lost a subscriber, and the young reporter decided that he needed to learn to write legibly. He never again wrote his *o's* like *a's;* and as for his capital *C's* and his small *c's,* they could never again be mistaken one for the other.

Your *and's* should never be written *&*. Remember that *etc.* is an abbreviation of the two Latin words, *et cetera;* don't turn the *t* and the *c* around. Any person, moreover, who intends to become an expert accountant should learn to make his *3's* and *5's* and his *4's* and *7's* clearly distinguishable.

E. TITLES OF BOOKS, FOREIGN PHRASES, ETC.

"Here," said the famous botanist to his new secretary, "is the manuscript for my book. "How do you indicate titles?" he asked suddenly, as the secretary took the neatly-written manuscript and was about to leave the room.

"Italics," replied the secretary promptly.

"Good. I wanted to be sure that you did not use the old-fashioned form. I much prefer to keep quotation marks for quotations alone. Here." He took back the manuscript and turned over a few pages. "What should be done in this case?"

The secretary looked at the footnote indicated. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "it will be necessary to keep those two titles, the name of the essay and the name of the book in which the essay is printed, from looking like one title; I should say it might be advisable

to use quotation marks around the smaller unit, the essay title, and to use italics for the larger, the title of the book."

"Fine," said the botanist. "You'll do. I see that you have been well trained and that you use good common sense, an invaluable article in anybody's business."

She had an idea, got doubtless from reading old novels, that her writing was not elegant unless it was well seasoned with French and Latin phrases. She would have preferred to use an occasional Greek or Hebrew expression, to show erudition as well as elegance, but she never could get the letters shaped right, not having an eye for drawing anything accurately; and so she had to content herself with *n'est ce pas, comme il faut, de rigeur, carpe diem, verbum sap.,* and similar phrases.

Headlong Hall and *Nightmare Abbey,* by Thomas Love Peacock, are favorites of many people who like rather fantastical, satirical writing that is more or less a take-off on popular writing of the day. But as for me, I prefer greatly Jane Austen's *Love and Freindship* and Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visiters,* both of them spelled with as much eccentricity as their titles, one a conscious satire on the sentimental writing of the time, and the other an unconscious imitation of it.

Ackley sailed for Europe on the *Empress Catherine.* All the way over he assiduously read copies of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Literary Review,* and exhibited clippings from the Boston *Transcript* to prove that he was a highly cultured gentleman. But when the ship docked, and the steward was clearing the old magazines and newspapers out of Ackley's cabin, he discovered, carefully hidden under the berth, a large pile of *Saturday Evening Posts* and *Police Gazettes,*

which looked pretty well worn. Evidently Ackley had literature for public and for private consumption, and had no right to look so scornfully at the college professor of English who said that when he was on a vacation he often read the *Post* and *Life* and other light literature, and was not ashamed of it, either.

The very mild, kindly old man in a clerical coat and collar kept feeling in his pocket and murmuring something that sounded to our astonishment like "Go to hell. Go to hell." Finally he turned to my sister and said helplessly, "*Have* you a needle and thread? *Please,* would you mend something for me? I have got a hole in my pocket, and if I have to go all round the globe with it, I shall be bankrupt. I've already lost three purses."

The cabby informed us that there was a "great while" down on the beach, and asked us if we should like to see it. Puzzled, but unwilling to betray our ignorance, we assented very blithely, not knowing what we were going to see, but sure that it must be something worth seeing. Then, as we drew near the beach, Jane gave a chuckle. "A 'great while,'" she said; "of course. That's Cockney for 'whale.'" And it was!

F. RIGHT PLACING OF QUOTATION MARKS

He said, "Where are you going?"

"Did he say, 'Where they go'?"

"He said 'this man' or 'that man,' I am not sure which."

"Hello," he said. "Where are you bound for?"

"Nonsense!" he shouted. "Ridiculous! Ridiculous!"

"This book," said the agent with an ingratiating smile, "is *The Life of General Sherman,* needed in every family."

"Not in mine," answered the housewife. "There have been six people here today with books needed in every family. Does it look as if we needed any more?" She waved her hand with a sweeping gesture at the well-filled bookshelves that covered all the wall space of the room.

"But, madam," the voice of the agent was suavity itself, "not *The Life of General Sherman.*"

"Well, as to that," replied the housewife, preparing to close the door. "My father-in-law was in Sherman's army, and my father was on the other side; and they both spend a month with us every year. I know all about Sherman."

And the book agent departed.

INDEX

INDEX

Roman numerals refer to Constructive Exercises, Section II; arabic numerals refer to pages.

Abbreviations: use, 128-9; punctuation, 128-9
Absolute phrase: punctuation, 125-6; VIII, 24; XV, 40
Active voice: XII, 31-2
Accusative: see Case
Adjective: definition, 104; III, 13-14; XV, 39
Adjectival clause: see Clause
Adjectival phrase: see Phrase
Adverb: definition, 105; III, 13-14; XV, 39
Adverbial clause: see Clause
Adverbial phrase: see Phrase
Agreement: Subject and predicate, XIV, 35-8; compound subject, 36; *each, every,* etc., 37-8; *one of the men,* etc., 35-6; *there is, there are,* 36. Relative pronoun and antecedent, XIV, 36-7
Appositive: punctuation, 125-6; XV, 40
Article: definite and indefinite defined, 105; XV, 39

Brackets: uses, 119

Case. Accusative or objective: definition, 104; II, 12-13; XIII, 33-4. Nominative: definition, see Subject, 103; I, 10-11; II, 12-13; XIII, 33-4. Possessive: punctuation, 129-30; XIII, 33-4. Predicate nominative or substantive, XIII, 33. Case of relative pronoun, XIII, 33-4
Clause: definition, 108. Independent clause: definition, 107; punctuation, 121-2; IX, 26-7; XI, 29-31; combination and subordination of independent clauses, VI, 19-21. Subordinate or dependent clause: definition, 108; reduction to phrase or single word, V, 17-19. Adjectival clause; definition, 111-12; punctuation, 124-5; introduced by relative pronoun, 109-10; IV, 15-16; IX, 26; XV, 40. Adverbial clause: definition, 110-11; punctuation, 124-5; two classes, 109; IV, 16-17; IX, 26; XV, 40. Substantive or noun clause: definition, 112; IV, 17; XV, 39
Colon: uses in relation to sentence structure, 119; illustrations of use, 122
Comma: uses in relation to sen-

tence structure, 119; uses illustrated, 121-8; relative position of comma and quotation marks illustrated, 133-4, and also 60-63, 90-98
Complex sentence: see Sentence
Complex-compound sentence: see Sentence
Compound sentence: see Sentence
Conjunction. Simple co-ordinating: definition, 107; list, 107, note; VII, 22-3; XV, 38-9; use and omission in compound sentences, 107-8, 121-2; in series, 123-4. Subordinating conjunction: definition, 109; adjectival and adverbial relationships, 109; two classes of adverbial clause, 109, note; distinguished from preposition, 105; IX, 26; XV, 39. See also Subordinate Clause
Conjunctive adverb: definition, 108; differences in use of the term, 27, note; list, 108, note; punctuation, 122; IX, 26-8; XV, 38-9
Contractions: right use, 128; punctuation, 128-9; illustrations, 61-3
Conversation: punctuation illustrated, 133-4, and also 60-63, 90-98
Co-ordinate elements: definition, 22, note; punctuation, 121-4; VII, 22-3; XV, 39. Clauses, 107. Subjects and predicates, 106
Copulative: see Verb

Dash: use in relation to sentence structure, 119; illustrations, 126-8
Direct address: see Vocative

Footnotes: examples, 70, 80-85
Fragment of a sentence: correct use, 113; illustrations, 60-63; punctuation, 126-7

Hyphen: use in compound words, 126-7

Incomplete statement: see Fragment of a Sentence
Independent clause: see Clause
Infinitive: XV, 39
Interjection: punctuation, 125-6
Intransitive: see Verb
Italics: examples of use, 131-3

Modifier: definition, 104. See Adjective, Adverb, Clause, Phrase

Nominative absolute: see Absolute Phrase
Nominative case: see Case
Non-restrictive (non-limiting) expressions: punctuation, 124
Noun: definition, 103. As subject, I, 10-11; II, 12-13. Number, X, 28-9. Person, X, 28-9. See Substantive
Number. Nouns and pronouns, X, 28-9. Agreement of subject and predicate, XIV, 35. See also Agreement

Object: see Case, objective
Objective: see Case

Parentheses: use in relation to sentence structure, 119; illustrations, 126-7
Participle: XV, 39
Participial phrase: VIII, 24-5
Passive voice: see Verbs
Person: X, 28-9. Agreement of subject and predicate, XIV, 35; of relative pronoun with antecedent, XIV, 36-7
Phrase: definition, 105. Absolute, VIII, 24-5; adjectival, IX, 26; adverbial, IX, 26; introductory, VIII, 24; participial, VIII, 24-5. Review of phrases, IX, 26
Poetry: punctuation and indention illustrated, 77
Possessive case: see Case
Predicate: definition, 103-4. Agreement with subject, XIV, 35-6. Compound predicate: definition, 106. Compound verb: definition, 103
Predicate adjective: XV, 40
Predicate nominative or substantive: see Case
Predication. Independent: definition, 108; IX, 26-8. Complete independent: definition, 108; IX, 26-8. See also Clause and Sentence
Preposition: definition, 105; XV, 40
Prepositional phrase: definition, 105; III, 14-15; IX, 26; XV, 40
Pronoun: definition, 109. Number, Person, X, 28-9. Relative pronoun: definition, 111; XV, 39. See also Substantive
Punctuation: 117-134

Quotation marks: illustration of use, 133-4
Quotations from: Sherwood Anderson, 84; Lord Byron, 82; G. K. Chesterton, 84; Walter de la Mare, 77-9; Emily Dickinson, 83; Henry Fielding, 85; John Keats, 83-4; S. J. O'Neill, 82; Carl Sandburg, 83; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 8, 42; Sir Philip Sidney, 65; Nicholas Udall, 116; W. T. Watts-Dunton, 82; L. C. Woodman, 82

Relative clause: see Clause
Relative pronoun: see Pronoun

Series: of words, phrases, or clauses: punctuation, 122-3; XV, 39
Semicolon: use in relation to sentence structure, 119
Sentence: definition, 103. Simple: definition, 104; XI, 29-31. Compound: definition, 107-9; punctuation, 121-2; XI, 29-31. Complex: definition, 109-12; punctuation, 124; XI, 29-31. Complex-compound: definition, 112-13. See also XII, 32-3; XIV, 35; XV, 38-40.
Skeleton: definition, 102-3; I, 10-11
Subject: definition, 103; II, 12. Agreement with predicate, I, 10-11. Compound subject: definition, 106

Subordination: definition, 109; punctuation, 124. See also Adjectival, Adverbial, Substantive Clause
Substantive: definition, 103; II, 12-13; XV, 39-40. Number and person, X, 28-9. Substantive or noun clause: see Clause
Spelling: dictation, copying, and reading exercises, 43-64.

Tense: see Verbs
Titles of books italicized, 131-3
Transitive: see Verbs

Verbs. Active and passive: XII, 31-2. Co-ordinate: definition, 130; XV, 39. Copulative: definition, 130; XII, 32-3. Emphatic and progressive forms: IX, 30-31. Irregular: XI, 31-2, and also see dictation exercises. Transitive and intransitive: XII, 32-3. Number, person, tense: XI, 29-30. General review, XV, 38-40
Vocative: punctuation, 125-6; XV, 40

Words: often misused, 52-6; italicized, 130-31